

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

MARCH 7, 1960

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS

BASEBALL

The camps in the sun

OLYMPICS

Climax at Squaw Valley

SPORTING LOOK

A spring preview





Among the wheels at Sebring will be Ernie Klack in Carter's new knitted boxer shorts

Ernie Klack is packing wisely and well for Florida: he's taking along plenty of Carter's *knitted* boxer shorts. What could be more comfortable for watching a solid 12 hours of sports car racing than these superbly soft cotton knits? And

their dashing smartness is unflinching — Carter's *knitted* boxers never need ironing. Small wonder that Ernie is adamant in his insistence on that reassuring Carter's label. Wheels of all sizes think Ernie has exactly the right idea.

Ernie Klack is any guy who wears Carter's knitted boxer shorts and considers it unchivalrous (and uncomfortable) to wear any other kind.

Carter's

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Jimmy Jemal's HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: *Who has the best shot in the National Hockey League?*



TERRY SAWCHUK
*Detroit Red Wings
Goalie*

Gordie Howe. I've watched him operate both as an opposing player and as a teammate. During my seasons in Boston, Gordie gave me the most trouble of any player. Even now I'm still amazed at Howe's shot—not just the speed of it but also the force. We refer to his kind of shot as "heavy."



MILT SCHMIDT
*Boston Bruins
Coach*

I've seen all the best shooters on ice, but a coach is really sticking his neck out when he tells you that a certain player has the best shot. Anyway, here goes. Bronco Horvath of the Bruins has the best shot in the NHL. That's because he gets it away faster than anyone else and his shot is accurate and low.

continued

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HOTBOX *continued*



GUMP WORSLEY
New York Rangers
Goalie

Boom Boom Geoffrion doesn't have to apologize for his blazer and neither does Jean Beliveau, but when it comes to speed and accuracy, the old man, Rocket Richard, still is as tough as anybody. He can catch those corners blindfolded. I don't care how hard the shot is as long as I can see it.



JACQUES PLANTE
Montreal Canadiens
Goalie

That's almost impossible to answer. The best scorer on each team should be the one with the best shot. One player shoots the puck at 100 miles an hour and another at 110. What's the difference? Bobby Hull of the Chicago Black Hawks and Andy Bathgate of the New York Rangers are as good as any.



SID ABEL
Detroit Red Wings
Coach

Five or six players would get my nod. Boston's Bronco Horvath gets it away the quickest. Jean Beliveau has the hardest shot, with such cannonaders as our own Gordie Howe, Geoffrion of Montreal and Hull of Chicago not far behind. I'd say that Howe and Maurice Richard have the most accurate shots in the game.



HARRY LUMLEY
Boston Bruins
Goalie

In my opinion it's a tossup between the Canadiens' Jean Beliveau and Bronco Horvath of our team. There's no hesitation on the part of either. Both get their shots off quickly. When the puck hits their stick it's gone and both of them shoot along the ice, which is the most effective way.

continued

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PHOTO: FLORIDA OFFICE GARDNER

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HOTBOX continued



**HECTOR (Toe)
BLAKE**
Montreal Canadiens
Coach

It's pretty hard to say for certain which player has the hardest shot. It's all in the timing, the wrist action and the way a player throws his body into the shot. Beliveau and Boom Boom Geoffrion and Andy Bathgate are among the best, but if I am panned down to one player, I'd have to go along with Gordie Howe of Detroit.



GLENN HALL
Chicago Black Hawks
Goalie

It could be either Beliveau of the Canadiens or Tim Horton of Toronto. If I'm panned down to a choice I'd have to pick Beliveau because he is a much greater all-round player. Several others are very close — Boom Boom Geoffrion of the Canadiens, Bobby Hull of our club and Andy Bathgate of the Rangers.



HARRY HOWELL
New York Rangers
Defenseman

There are two types of shots, the conventional wrist shot and the stiff-wristed slap shot. For the usual wrist shot, give me Gordie Howe, Rocket Richard and Bronco Horvath. They get it off in a hurry. The two best stiff-wristed shots belong to Montreal's Boom Boom Geoffrion and our own Andy Bathgate.



JOHNNY GOWER
Toronto Maple Leafs
Goalie

Gordie Howe. He takes one look, seems to know where the goalie is going to move and lets go. He gets the shot off in a flash, and he knows where he is actually aiming. Bobby Hull of the Hawks has a very accurate wrist shot which he gets away amazingly fast. Beliveau and Geoffrion of the Canadiens are also great.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Cover: Spring training ▶

Down south, baseball men by the hundreds are loosening up their muscles. Marc Simont, an artist with a very humor, records some of the tradition-hallowed rites of the season.



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Next week



▶ A boom in family bonding enriching two American corporations and a host of sports celebrities. A report in color of a social revolution on colorful lanes of the bright new era.

▶ The national basketball championships are coming up. Jeremiah Tax scouts the leading contenders, from California's defending Bears to Cincinnati and dark horse NYU.

▶ Ex U.S. Diplomat Charles Thayer went hunting in the U.S.S.R. at the invitation of Premier Khrushchev. His report tells a lot about guns—and more about the Russians.

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The colt's sedate win in the Flamingo stumps him as the Eastern favorite for the Kentucky Derby

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In Pennsylvania angry bird lovers have heard just about enough of it. By John O'Reilly

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An exclusive preview of styles that bridge the gap between winter chill and desert heat

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Sally Heman speaking—and Pitcher Jim Brown writing it down in a unique spring training diary



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SCOREBOARD

8TH WINTER OLYMPIC GAMES



JERNBERG



VUARNET



WAGNER AND PAUL



GUSAKOVA



DIEHL



HAASE



LESTANDER



KROBILKOVA



STAUB

EVENT **1** GOLD MEDAL **2** SILVER MEDAL **3** BRONZE MEDAL

CROSS COUNTRY 30 KM. MEN	SIXTEN JERNBERG Sweden time 1:31.03.3	ROLF RANGARD Sweden time 1:52.16	NIKOLAI ANIKIN U.S.S.R. time 1:52.28
DOWNHILL MEN	JEAN VUARNET France time 2:06.0	HANS PETER LANG Germany time 2:06.5	GUY PERRILLAT France time 2:06.9
FIGURE SKATING PAIRS	D. WAGNER, R. PAUL Canada points 89.1	M. KILIUS, H. BAUMLER Germany points 76.8	N. & R. LUDINGTON U.S. points 76.3
CROSS COUNTRY 10 KM. LADIES	MARIA GUSAKOVA U.S.S.R. time 39:16.6	LUDOV BARANOVA U.S.S.R. time 40:01.2	RADYA BROSHINA U.S.S.R. time 40:06.0
DOWNHILL LADIES	HEIDI DIEHL Germany time 1:37.5	PENNY FITCH U.S. time 1:38.6	TRAUDL HECHER Austria time 1:38.9
SPEED SKATING 500 M. LADIES	HELGHA HAASE Germany time 15.9	NATALIA DONCHENKO U.S.S.R. time 16.0	JEANNE ASHWORTH U.S. time 16.1
BIATHLON MEN	KLAR LESTANDER Sweden time 1:59.31.6	ANTTI TYRVAANEN Finland time 1:59.57.7	A. PRIYALOV U.S.S.R. time 1:59.54.2
SPEED SKATING 1,500 M. LADIES	LYDIA KROBILKOVA U.S.S.R. time 2:06.8	ELWIRA SEMCZYNSKA Poland time 2:25.7	HELENA PILEJCIK Poland time 2:27.1
GIANT SLALOM MEN	ROGER STAUB Switzerland time 1:48.3	PEPI STEIGLER Austria time 1:48.7	ERNST WINTERMEIER Austria time 1:49.1
CROSS COUNTRY 4 x 10 KM. RELAY, MEN	FINLAND time 2:18.45.6	NORWAY time 2:28.46.4	U.S.S.R. time 2:31.31.6
CROSS COUNTRY 3 x 5 KM. RELAY, LADIES	SWEDEN time 1:04.21.4	U.S.S.R. time 1:05.02.6	FINLAND time 1:06.37.5
SPEED SKATING 1,000 M. LADIES	KLARA GUSEVA U.S.S.R. time 1:24.1	HELGHA HAASE Germany time 1:24.2	TAMARA RYLOVA U.S.S.R. time 1:24.5
NORDIC COMBINED MEN	GEORG THOMA Germany points 457.952	TORJOD KNUSTEN Norway points 457.000	NIKOLAI GUSAKOV U.S.S.R. points 453.600



ZURETTA, ALATARO, MANTYSANTA, HAKULINEN



JOHANSSON, RUTHERFORD, STRANDBERG

EVENT

1

GOLD
MEDAL

2

SILVER
MEDAL

3

BRONZE
MEDALGIANT SLALOM
LADIESYVONNE RUEGG
Switzerland
time 1:23.8PENNY PITOU
U.S.
time 1:40.0G. MINUZZO-CHEMAL
Italy
time 1:50.2SPEED SKATING
3,000 M. LADIESLYDIA SKOBLIKOVA
U.S.S.R.
time 5:14.3VALENTINA STENINA
U.S.S.R.
time 5:16.9ERVI HUTTUNEN
Finland
time 5:27.0FIGURE SKATING
LADIESCAROL HEISS
U.S.
points 1,430.1SAOUKJE DIJKSTRA
Netherlands
points 1,411.5BARBARA BOLES
U.S.
points 1,411.9CROSS COUNTRY
15 KM. MENRAAKON BRUVERN
Norway
time 51:55.5SIXTEN JERNBERG
Sweden
time 51:58.6VRIKKO HAKULINEN
Finland
time 52:05.2SPEED SKATING
500 M. MENEVGENY GRISHIN
U.S.S.R.
time 40.3BILL DENNEY
U.S.
time 40.5RAPHAEL GRACH
U.S.S.R.
time 40.4SLALOM
MENERNST HINTERBERGER
Austria
time 2:03.8MATTHIAS LEITNER
Austria
time 2:10.3CHARLES BOBOM
France
time 2:10.5SPEED SKATING
5,000 M. MENVIKTOR KORCHEN
U.S.S.R.
time 7:51.3KNUT JOHANNESSEN
Norway
time 8:00.5JAN PERMAN
Netherlands
time 8:05.1SPEED SKATING
1,500 M. MENROALD AAB Norway
GRISHIN U.S.S.R.
time 5:10.4 (tie)

(no second)

EKKIS STENIN
U.S.S.R.
time 5:11.5FIGURE SKATING
MENDAVID JENKINS
U.S.
points 1,440.7KAROL DEVIN
Czechoslovakia
points 1,411.5DONALD JACKSON
Canada
points 1,401.0SLALOM
LADIESANNE HEGGVEIT
Canada
time 1:49.6BETSY SMITH
U.S.
time 1:52.5B. BENEDEGER
Germany
time 1:56.6SPEED SKATING
10,000 M. MENKNUT JOHANNESSEN
Norway
time 15:46.6VIKTOR KORCHEN
U.S.S.R.
time 15:49.2KJELL BACKMAN
Sweden
time 16:24.3CROSS COUNTRY
50 KM. MENKALEVI HAMALAINEN
Finland
time 2:53:06.3VRIKKO HAKULINEN
Finland
time 2:59:36.7ROLF RANHARD
Sweden
time 3:00:48.7

HOCKEY

U.S.
5-0-0CANADA
4-1-0U.S.S.R.
2-2-1

SPECIAL JUMP

HELMUT RECKNAGEL
Germany
points 217.2NILO HALONEN
Finland
points 222.6OTTO LEODOLTER
Austria
points 219.4

OLYMPIC CHIEF RECKNAGEL



RECKNAGEL



MCARTAN



JOHANSSON



HAMALAINEN



JENKINS



HEGGVEIT



AAB, GRISHIN



HINTERBERGER



KORSHEN



GERSVA



TIOMA



RUEGG



SKOBLUKOVA



HEISS



BRUVERN



GRISHIN

COMING EVENTS

March 4 to March 10
All times E.S.T.

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Friday, March 4

- BASKETBALL** (college)
NCAA regional playoffs, college division (also March 5).
- BOATING**
Natl. Sports and Boat Show, San Francisco (through March 13).
- BOXING**
Takamaki vs. Zukar, middle, 10 rds., Mad. Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC).
- SWIMMING**
Big Ten champs., Ann Arbor, Mich. (through March 6).

Saturday, March 5

- BASKETBALL** (college)
Bradley at St. Louis
Colorado at Oklahoma State (Big Eight Regional, Sports Network) *
- Baseball** at Northwestern (Big Ten Regional, Sports Network) *
- Ohio State at Minnesota (ABC)
- New York at Syracuse
- BOATING**
St. Louis at Minneapolis, 2 p.m. (NBC).
- BOATING**
Miami-St. Petersburg ocean race, St. Petersburg, Fla.
- BOWLING**
ABC Tournament, Toledo (through May 22).
- GOLF**
All-Star Golf series, Patterwald vs. Palmer, 5 p.m. in each time zone (ABC).
- HOCKEY**
Boston at Toronto, Detroit at Montreal.
- New York at Chicago, 2 p.m. (CBS).
- HORSE RACING**
Santa Anita Derby, \$100,000 added, Santa Anita, Calif. (NBC) *
- Louisiana Derby, \$60,000 added, Fair Grounds, La.
- SKIING**
Hutcheson Cup, Sun Valley, Idaho (also March 6).
- TRACK & FIELD**
ICAA Indoor Meet, Mad. Sq. Garden, New York.

Sunday, March 6

- BASKETBALL** (pro)
Chickens at Minneapolis.
Detroit at New York
Philadelphia at St. Louis
- Syracuse at Boston, 3:30 p.m. (NBC)
- GOLF**
World Championship Golf series, Tannan vs. Stroud, 4:30 p.m. (NBC).
- Sunday Sports Spectacular, 5 p.m. (CBS).

Monday, March 7

- BASKETBALL** (college)
NCAA Championships, Kansas City, Mo. (through March 12).
- NCAA East round regional playoffs, university division (through March 9).
- BILLIARDS**
World Three-Cushion Billiards Match, Grand Rapids (through March 22).

Tuesday, March 8

- BOATING**
Mid-Winter Sloop champs., Clearwater, Fla. (through March 11).

Wednesday, March 9

- BASKETBALL** (college)
NCAA South, college division, Evansville, Ind. (through March 12).
- BOXING**
World Golden Gloves finals, Chicago, 10 p.m. (ABC).

Thursday, March 10

- BASKETBALL** (college)
National Invitation Tournament, Mad. Sq. Garden, New York (also March 12, 13, 17, 19).
- COURT TENNIS**
Natl. Singles, Boston (through March 12).
- GOLF**
LPGA Twickenham Championships, \$6,500, Augusta, Ga. (through March 13).
- HORSE RACING**
San Juan Capistrano Handicap, \$100,000 added, Santa Anita, Calif.
- SWIMMING**
Eastern Interstate champs., Cambridge, Mass. (through March 12).

*See local listing.

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MEMO from the publisher

THE important thing in the Olympic Games is not winning but taking part. The essential thing in life is not conquering but fighting well." So, in founding the modern Olympics, Baron Pierre de Coubertin set forth the Olympic Creed.

At Squaw Valley no one brought more honor to that creed than 36-year-old Kyung Soon Yim, who ordinarily works for a travel agency in Seoul—but extraordinarily represented Korea as its only Alpinist at the Winter Games.

A pilot during the Korean war, Yim took up skiing seriously some time after it. The advanced techniques of skiing are still fairly unfamiliar in his native land and qualified instructors rare. Yim had little hope of ever making an Olympic team.

But he turned to foreign journals, Austrian and Finnish, and to one from the U.S.—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Here he found what he thought he wanted most, the detailed instructions and tips of Willy Schaeffler, which a friend translated for him. Yim had to imagine how these would work. The light 1959 snows in South

Korea gave no chance for practice. Last July, on dry land, he began the Schaeffler conditioning exercises. Although he had no international record, Olympic officials certified his eligibility to compete. Yim was coming to the Olympics.

Arriving on February 2, he saw a slalom course for the first time in his life and put skis to snow for the first time in a year. Hardly more than two weeks later he was participating—in the giant slalom, the slalom and the downhill.

Correspondent Guy Shipley Jr. wrote: "It's clear that most of Yim's finer points of skiing derived from Schaeffler in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. They

made him the best Alpinist in Korea. Outclassed in Olympic competition he certainly was, but in courage and Olympic spirit nobody finished ahead of him."

Said Kyung Soon Yim: "My country is sure this will be of great value in teaching our younger generation. We thought if we couldn't win, why should we relax in Korea? What good would that do for the future?"

It sounds like what de Coubertin had in mind.



KYUNG SOON YIM

Arthur Murphy

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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

With the postseason tournaments only two weeks off, college basketball's annual jigsaw puzzle was rapidly falling into place. Last week six major conference championships were decided, at least five more were all but settled. Only six remained in doubt.

The champions: Ohio State (Big Ten), West Virginia (Southern), California (Big Five), Auburn (Southeastern), Idaho State (Rocky Mountain), Ohio U. (Mid-American). The near champions: Texas (Southwest), Cincinnati (Missouri Valley), Utah (Skyline), Western Kentucky (Ohio Valley), New Mexico State (Border). Conference races still in doubt: Big Eight—Kansas State, Kansas and/or Oklahoma (last two played each other Tuesday) tied for lead; Atlantic Coast—North Carolina and Wake Forest, co-favorites in championship tournament starting Thursday; West Coast—Loyola and Pepperdine in first-place tie, closely followed by St. Mary's and Santa Clara; Ivy—Princeton leading, but Dartmouth and Cornell have a chance; Mid-Atlantic—St. Joseph's and LaSalle deadlocked, with St. Joe's the likely winner; Yankee—Connecticut on top, but the UConn can be caught by Maine, Rhode Island or Massachusetts.

THE SOUTH

The Southern Conference was bubbling over with hope when the championship tournament began at Richmond. For the first time in six years, West Virginia had finished second (to Virginia Tech) during the regular season, and there was a good chance that the result would be the same in the tournament. But the Mountaineers were in no mood to give up their title and an NCAA invitation. With magnificent Jerry West, his broken nose encased in a flesh-colored metal mask, flipping in baskets, picking off rebounds and generally behaving like the All-American he is, West Virginia squeaked by VMI 90-83, then ran William & Mary breathless to win 117-83. Meanwhile, Virginia Tech's bulky, 6-foot 6-inch Chris Smith jammed in 59 points to help the Gobblers wallow Richmond 78-55, George Washington 88-52. In the final, Virginia Tech reeled on the verge of victory when West, after being held to four field goals by tenacious Bucky Koller, fouled out with 12:51 to play and his team barely leading 49-48. However, Senior Guard Jim Warren picked up the Westless Mountaineers, scored 13 points in a dozen minutes and West Virginia won 82-72.

Georgia Tech, teetering precariously the

last two weeks, stumbled out of the Southeastern Conference lead on the last night of the season, lost to sixth-place Vanderbilt 62-57, while Auburn's persevering Tigers climaxed a steady rise to the title with a thrilling 63-61 overtime victory (on Ray Groover's last-second field goal) over Alabama. But there was some advice for the Yellow Jackets. Auburn, on probation for football recruiting irregularities, is ineligible for the NCAA tournament, and Georgia Tech will represent the SEC. There was no real reward for Kentucky, beaten by Tennessee 65-63 for the first time in 10 years. For their season's work the Wildcats earned only a disdainful glare from Coach Adolph Rupp and a glum pronouncement: "This team simply couldn't realize that it is a Kentucky team."

North Carolina, despite the disquieting news that the NCAA was investigating its recruiting practices, stuck to the business at hand, prepared for Thursday's Atlantic Coast Conference championships at Raleigh by rolling over Maryland 81-64, Virginia 97-55 and Duke 75-70 to tie Wake Forest for first place. The Deacons, too, were busy and tuned up by beating Villanova 89-70, St. Francis (Pa.) 94-60.

Western Kentucky disposed of tough Tennessee Tech 85-81, Middle Tennessee 108-80 to lay one firm hand on the Ohio Valley championship. The top three:

1. WEST VIRGINIA (24-4)
2. ARKANSAS (19-3)
3. GEORGIA TECH (21-5)

THE WEST

It was like dish night in a local movie house as 7,000 jam-packed the Utah State fieldhouse at Logan (see p. 49), only this time the durable Aggies weren't dishing it out. They were taking it—from Utah's fast-moving Redskins, who parlayed lanky Billy McGill's artful shot-blocking and shot-making, Joe Morton's pair of clutch foul shots, into a 77-75 victory and a virtual lock on the Skyline title.

California, preparing to defend its NCAA championship, warmed up by beating Washington 54-47 and Oregon State 62-47. USC, still hopeful of an all-large bid, defeated Stanford 59-53, Santa Clara 77-79.

Just about everybody was still in contention in the jumbled West Coast AC, where Loyola and Pepperdine shook up stumbling St. Mary's 60-59 and 70-55 respectively, and Santa Clara beat COP 81-52. Idaho State clobbered Colorado Mines 88-52, 83-39 for its eighth straight



WEARING MASK to protect broken nose, West Virginia's Jerry West grabs pass in Southern Conference game against VMI.

Rocky Mountain crown, ran the nation's longest major-college winning streak to 17. The top three:

1. CALIFORNIA (22-4)
2. UTAH (20-4)
3. UTAH STATE (20-4)

THE MIDWEST

It was all over in the Big Ten. Ohio State's frolicking Buckeyes, humbling ever so little against Wisconsin's zone defense, got perfect marksmanship from the field (eight for eight) from Sophomore Center Jerry Lucas, overwhelmed the Badgers 93-68 for their first Big Ten title since 1960. But Indiana's streaking Hoosiers, who jolted Illinois 93-78 and Minnesota 78-74 for their ninth in a row, couldn't help wondering what might have been if they hadn't lost their first three conference games.

All good things must come to an end, and so it was with Bradley's 15-game winning streak. The Braves met their match at Houston, where hot-headed Gary Phillips scored 30 points, led the Cougars to a 63-58 victory. Cincinnati, left alone at the top of the Missouri Valley, romped over North Texas State 85-54 and Wichita 97-78 as Oscar Robertson raised his career field-goal total to 969, breaking Elgin Baylor's major-league record.

The Big Eight was still searching for a leader. Kansas State made motions in the right direction, thumping Kansas 68-57, but along came Oklahoma's ball-controlling Sooners, who held the Wildcats to 11 field goals and trounced them 58-35.

continued

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By **BILL MUNCEY**

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Few people really understand just how strong plywood is. Pound for pound, it's stronger than steel. And plywood keeps its strength; it doesn't turn brittle with age or vibration. Nor is it affected by ultra violet light, electrolysis or corrosion. And plywood has fantastic shock resistance; it "gives" rather than breaks under strains or impact.

In this connection, I can speak pretty well from experience. In the 1958 Gold Cup, Miss Thriftway's controls jammed and we crashed full-bore into a 40-foot Coast Guard patrol boat guarding the south turn. The steel cutter went down, nearly demolished. But Thrifty—bless her plywood hull!—came up with relatively minor damage. Five feet of the bow was smashed, but otherwise she was in pretty good shape.

That's a risky way to learn how well a boat's put together, but I'm still dodging rooster tails, thanks to the strength of plywood construction.

And thanks, too, to the experience gained through years of racing competition, you can be sure your cruiser or runabout is a better and safer boat built of plywood.

In the hands of today's designers and builders, plywood boats are better than ever. They have style, get up and go, and maneuver like an all-pro halfback. New adhesives and coatings make them permanently watertight and easy to maintain. And above all, a plywood boat is built to last.

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Bill Muncey and Miss Thriftway in action in 1959 Gold Cup Race ▶





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 **CORVETTE** by Chevrolet

Kansas came back to whip Missouri 85-72, forcing a temporary three-way tie for the lead. Colorado turned ice cold, lost to Missouri 82-73 and, after five overtime periods, to Iowa State 83-80.

With 12,488 home-town fans cheering them on, little Evansville got caught up in the excitement, upset NCAA-bound Notre Dame 92-87. At week's end, the Irish had recovered sufficiently to beat fading Louisville 65-54. The top three:

1. DINKIN (22-4)
2. OHIO STATE (20-2)
3. BRADLEY (20-2)

THE EAST

"We're ripe for plucking," wryly predicted St. John's Coach Joe Lapchuk after watching his Redmen beat Manhattan 80-63 and NYU hold off Temple 76-70 in New York's Madison Square Garden. Two nights later, Temple and its swift little backcourt star, Bill (Pickles) Kennedy established the veteran coach as a prophet, upset St. John's 68-63 in overtime while NYU, which meets the Redmen Thursday night, coasted past Fordham 80-60.

Navy was tapped by the NCAA after putting down Delaware 89-62, Army 69-57. Providence's Jim Hadnot filled the baskets with 29 points, helped the Friars outscore Holy Cross 80-68 for the first time in 19 years. St. Bonaventure's Tom Stith scored 69 points as the Bombers beat Duquesne 76-70, Niagara 89-80.

Princeton, lightly regarded a month ago, was sitting proudly, if tentatively, in the driver's seat in the Ivy League. The Tigers got there by beating Harvard 76-67 and Dartmouth 77-67, pushing the Indians into second place with Cornell, which eliminated Brown 73-62 and drubbed Yale 76-58. The top three:

1. ST. JOHN'S (22-4)
2. NYU (22-2)
3. ST. BONAVENTURE (22-2)

THE SOUTHWEST

Firmly entrenched in the Southwest Conference cellar a year ago, Texas has now emerged as the team to beat for the title. And there isn't much chance that the galloping Longhorns will be corralled. While the tall, quick boys from Austin, led by Albert Almada, were polishing off Baylor 68-62, SMU threw Texas A&M into a panic with a smothering full-court press, beat the Aggies 81-63. Then, both SMU and Texas A&M stumbled badly. Baylor's slowdown upset the Mustangs 68-61; Texas Tech, with Del Ray Mounts scoring 33 points, downed A&M 68-61. Meanwhile, Texas shoved aside Arkansas 71-57 to lead by a full game. The top three:

1. TEXAS (21-6)
2. SMU (20-6)
3. TEXAS A&M (20-4)



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THE GAMES WERE THE BEST

These were the most successful Winter Olympics
of all, and the now-friendly Russians
were the most successful competitors in them

by ROY TERRELL

THE blue-clad avalanche which was Russia seemed hesitant at times, but the over-all Soviet impact at Squaw Valley was irresistible. The U.S.S.R. won five gold medals and shared another in the eight speed skating events alone, almost twice as many as any other nation in the entire Games. Russia won its share of silver medals, too, and picked up a bronze medal in every third event on the program. By the time the VIII Olympic Winter Games were over last Sunday, the unofficial team score was so lop-sidedly in favor of the Soviet Union that hardly anyone even bothered to add up the absurd figures any more.

The story behind Russia's vast success at Squaw Valley was the same as it had been at Cortina: a massive sports program enveloping schools and clubs and labor



RUSSIAN SPEED SKATING STAR EVGENY GRISHIN WRAPS A

unions and the military service, state encouragement, frequent outright aid to the specially talented, a fierce desire on the part of the individual to triumph, less for himself or his organization than for Mother Russia. Yet somewhere between Cortina and Squaw Valley, the Russians have changed. They have become more human. In the Olympic Village, where the athletes of 30 nations lived and ate and danced and sang and played, they were as much a part of things as anyone else. Suddenly, at Squaw Valley, the Russians ceased to be muscles without minds or personalities and became individuals. Some of them were very impressive individuals, indeed.

"Do I like Americans?" said Evgeny Grishin punctiliously. "Of course. They are just like us. Bill Disney is a good friend of mine. He is a wonderful skater with



COMRADELY ARM AROUND AMERICAN RIVAL BILL DISNEY

very fine technique. I like Carol Heiss very much. As a sportswoman, I am in love with her. As a girl? Of course, I am in love with her. Isn't everyone?"

Grishin, who won the 500-meter race, equaling his own world and Olympic record, and tied Norway's Røald Aas for the 1,500-meter medal, is one of Russia's finest athletes. He got two gold medals at Cortina and, before that, was the outstanding cyclist in the Soviet Union. At Helsinki as a cyclist in 1952, he became ill and could not compete, but he still thinks he was a better cyclist than a skater. "I was in training 12 months a year," he explains, "six months on bicycle and six months on skates. But my doctor suggested that for my heart's sake I should give one of them up. For some reason, I decided that I would keep up with my skating."

Grishin is also one of the world's most charming athletes, a tall, trim, intelligent man approaching his 29th birthday, with deep-set brown eyes, a big nose and a frequent, flashing grin. Inside the grin there are two bright gold teeth. He speaks only Russian but he speaks that articulately, very fast. He is a senior lieutenant in the Red army, a military man since 1950, although most of his work is concerned with physical education. Today Grishin is stationed in Moscow, where he lives in an apartment with his wife. "We have no children yet," he says. "We have been married only a year."

Evgeny was born and raised in Tula, a city of 300,000 about 100 miles from Moscow, and he is very proud of the fact that Tula was also the home of Leo Tolstoy. "They have a big museum for Tolstoy there," says Grishin. "I don't think they will ever build a museum for me." Still, he is a well-known man. "When I am at home," he says, "many people know me and I get a lot of telephone calls, but when I am in other parts of the country, hardly anyone recognizes me. I don't think being a famous athlete means as much in Russia as it does in the U.S."

In Tula, when he was very young, Grishin learned to skate fast by hitching rides on cars traveling along the ice-covered streets. "At the place where we stood in hiding," he says, "the cars would pass at about 40 kilometers an hour, so we had to skate very fast in order to catch them. Then we would hold on until we got tired or the police would see us. Usually they sent us home, but sometimes we would sneak back to catch more cars."

Today, Grishin would rather drive cars than chase them. "Automobiles," he says, "are my sickness. I am crazy about them. I own a Volga, it cost me 30,000

OLYMPIC SPECIALS

The Frenchman and His Egg	18
The Queen and the Professor	20
Our Never-Say-Die Hockeymen	22

rubles [\$7,500 at current official rate] a few years ago, although one would cost 40,000 rubles now. Do you know what I would like to do? I would like to race a Ford, in my dreams I race Fords, but they always beat me. I do not have enough cylinders."

Now that Evgeny has won four gold medals in two Olympics, does he plan to give up competitive skating? "Why no," he says, "why should I? It is fun. I will look forward to seeing you at Innsbruck in 1964."

Lydia Skoblikova is not quite 22, much younger than Grishin, and she was not even at Cortina four years ago; but at Squaw Valley she won two gold medals in speed skating, too, setting a world record in the 1,500-meter race, winning the 3,000 and coming close to winning a third medal in the 1,000, where she finished fourth. "Until Penny Pitou fell in the slalom race," she said in Russian, "I was afraid some other girl might win more medals than me. I am sorry that Penny fell, of course. She must be a very splendid sportswoman and I would like very much to have the chance to know her."

Lydia is quite a bit like Penny, she has the same deep dimples in her cheeks, has blue eyes and blonde hair

continued



SKOBLIKOVA WON TWO GOLD



HINTERSEER RESTORED AUSTRIA'S PRESTIGE



SKIER LINDA METERS BROKE COLLARBONE

OLYMPICS continued

—which, however, is much shorter and curlier than Penny's. In her tight racing costume, she appears very trim. In it, she also skates very fast, faster than any other woman in the world. This does not, she insists, make her any less a woman.

"Sportswomen are very highly thought of in Russia," she says. "Many of our team are married, some of their husbands are competing here, too. If I should get married someday, I would expect to keep on racing as long as I can."

Who takes care of the babies? "In Russia, all babies have grandmothers," she explains.

ALWAYS GIFTED

Lydia began racing in Chelyabinsk, her home in the Urals, about five years ago. "In the winter," she says, "every road, every park is covered with water to make a skating rink, so everyone skates. There is a great amount of competition. But I was gifted from the first." A student at a teachers' college in Chelyabinsk, she studies anatomy and physiology, and makes good grades. She finds time, though, to train four months a year. Then she works out four times a week, three hours a day. The rest of the year she swims and runs on a labor union track team.

Once off speed skates, the U.S.S.R. ceased to dominate. Finland and Norway staged a remarkable race in the men's 40-kilometer relay, the famous old Finn, Veikko Hakulinen, who had won a gold medal at Oslo in '52 and another at Cortina in '56, lunging ahead of the Norwegian, Haakon Bruvøen, winner of a gold medal in the 15-kilometer race just two days before, by the length of a ski right at the finish. Carol Heiss, with her beauty and brilliance, made a run-away of the ladies' figure skating contest for one U.S. gold medal (see page 20), and David Jenkins, an even more accomplished master of the whirling free-skating style, came from behind to win another.

The Russians, of course, had no chance in the Alpine events. As Lydia Skoblikova said, "Where there are people in Russia, there are no mountains, where there are mountains, there are no people." In fact, no one was able to establish any kind of dominance down the mountains at Squaw Valley. Among the women, two more surprise winners emerged to join Germany's Hedi Biehl, who won the downhill during the first week. Yvonne Ruegg, a chunky little lass from Chur, who barely made the Swiss team, came racing down Papoose Peak one-tenth of a second ahead of Penny Pitou to win the giant slalom. "I like that course so much," she said,

"I would like to go right back up and run it again." For Penny, who won her second silver medal, it was a terrific disappointment to have missed the gold. "I feel awful," she said. "I have a bad cold. I'm going home and go to bed." Giuliana Minuzzo-Chenal of Italy was third, two-tenths of a second ahead of America's Betsy Snite. The third big U.S. threat, Linda Meyers, hit a gate high up on the course, took a bad fall, and broke her right collarbone.

The slalom was won by Canada's Anne Heggtveit with Betsy Snite second and Germany's Barbi Henneberger third. Heggtveit, a slender blonde from Ottawa, has been racing internationally for seven years, although she is only 21 now. Last year she was a big winner in Europe, combined champion of the famed Kandahar, but until last Friday she had done nothing of importance this year. "I was late getting to my peak," she explained, with her nice smile. "I was aiming at the Olympics."

Heggtveit really won the race on her first run down the hill. Her time, in a beautifully smooth demonstration, was 1.5 seconds ahead of Austria's Marianne Jahn, more than three seconds ahead of anyone else. Her second run was good, too, beaten only by a terrific burst of speed put on by Snite, a burst that won Betsy the silver medal when Jahn fell. Penny,



JENKINS GAVE U.S. SECOND VICTORY

tied for ninth after the first run, tried to make up the lost time, skied too fast through the tricky gates, and she, too, fell. For some, the American performance in the three women's events had been a disappointment. On the other hand, Pitou and Soite won three medals between them, all silver, while the other countries only Germany had as many as two, a gold and a bronze.

While the U.S. was sweating out its inspired hockey team, its girl skiers, its David Jenkins and Carol Heiss, in many ways nothing in the entire 10 days of the Games could touch the performance of a ruddy, horse-faced farmer from Kitabühel named Ernst Hinterseer, who won the men's slalom with a near-miraculous run down the lower slopes of the mountain called KT-32. Hinterseer saved the famed Austrian Alpine team from humiliation. Quite unintentionally, he may also have saved Austria from forgetting that Alpine skiing, while admittedly a way of life in that mountainous land, is, like everything else on the Olympic program, still a sport, too.

In the first two events of the men's Alpine competition, Austria was barely noticed. Neither Karl Schranz, the best skier in the world in 1959 and Austria's successor to the legendary Toni Sailer, nor Anderl Molterer, a bronze and silver medalist at Cortina, could prevent Switzerland's dashing

Roger Staub from winning the giant slalom, or the attractive Frenchman, Jean Vuarnet, from running off with the downhill. Only Pepi Stiegler and Hinterseer, second and third in the giant slalom, could crack the surprising French-German-Swiss lock on the events Austria was supposed to dominate. What, everyone began to ask, was wrong with Austria? Was this the end of a dynasty?

PRIMA DONNAS IN REVOLT

Then, slowly the story began to leak out. Schranz and Molterer, the temperamental stars of the team, had been playing around, loafing all summer and fall, while the Swiss and Germans and French trained like madmen. At Squaw Valley, Schranz and Molterer, the prima donnas, were in near revolt against Othmar Schneider, the team coach, himself a gold medalist for Austria at Oslo. It was Schneider, they said, who picked the wrong wax for the downhill race. What they did not say was that the Swiss, on reaching the top of the course and getting a good look at the snow, were ingenious enough to scrape the old, wrong wax off their skis before starting down. And, finally, the entire dissension-ridden affair was aggravated by a weird combination of interest rivalry and Tyrolean payola. In Alpine Europe the top local skier is somewhat in the position of an American club's golf pro. The winter tourist business is a big thing, and the Austrian town which can boast an Olympic champion can expect thousands of dollars in added revenue as a result. All Austrian racers, needless to say, do not come from the same town. Nor do they all race on the same skis. Molterer and Schranz, openly using and endorsing the product of one of the two great Austrian ski-making firms, were trying to hold down some other members of the team, who just as openly were using and endorsing skis made by the other firm.

"The real trouble with the Austrians in the downhill race was not the wax," said Sepp Ruschp of Stowe, once a well-known Austrian skier and now director of New England's biggest ski resort. "Those boys started down the course with a Kastle ski on one foot and a Kneissl ski on the other, and about halfway down the two feet started fighting."

But all this came to an end before the slalom. Dr. Otto Lorenz, presi-

dent of the Austrian Ski Association and head man of the team at Squaw Valley, quietly relieved Schneider of his job. A little less quietly he pulled Schranz and Molterer out of the race, replacing them with Ernst Oberaigner and Hinterseer.

Hinterseer made Dr. Lorenz look good. At the end of the first slalom run he was in fifth place, almost two seconds behind Germany's 18-year-old Willy Bogner. But Bogner, with the gold medal practically in his pocket, fell halfway down the second twisting run, got up, fell again hard almost at the bottom. This time it did him no good to get up. Hinterseer grabbed his opportunity. Down the course he came, quick, all out, skiing desperately but with the tiny shade of caution which more than six years of topflight international racing had bred into his muscles and mind and feet. When he flashed across the finish line, the big clock read 58.2 seconds for his run, the crowd roared and clapped, and Ernst Hinterseer, who had been a very good skier for many years but never a great one, looked back over his shoulder, saw the clock and grinned heartily.

Only four races could get under a minute for that tough second run, and three of these were Austrians: Hinterseer, Hias Leitner, who won the silver medal, and Pepi Stiegler, who finished an over-all fifth. Austria's skiing prestige had been suddenly and quite dramatically restored.

From that first magic moment when the blizzard stopped on opening day to let the athletes march through sunbeams into the arena, these had been good Olympics. The Sierra weather was lovely. The crowds, which reached almost 50,000 on weekends and held up surprisingly well at other times, were far greater than at Cortina or St. Moritz. The events ran off on time, over splendid courses, and life in the Village was a great deal of fun for the contestants. Best of all, the competition was always intense; naturally, only the athletes and their performances can make any Games an ultimate success. No one who was there will ever forget Sixten Jernberg or Roger Staub, Carol Heiss or Jean Vuarnet, Lydia Skoblikova or David Jenkins, that fighting U.S. hockey team or Evgeny Grishin or Ernst Hinterseer or Penny Pitou. Maybe the VIII Olympic Winter Games in Squaw Valley were better than any which had come before.

'L'OEUF ET MOI'

Drawings by Robert Roper

When France's Jean Vuarnet flashed across the finish line at the bottom of Squaw Peak to win the men's downhill, the word was soon out: Vuarnet had a secret weapon, a new metal ski. But he had another *spécialité*, less obvious but not less important, which helped him get his gold medal. It was a streamlined crouch which Jean calls his *profil d'un oeuf* (egg position), because of the shape his upper body assumes as he hunkers down over his skis. Vuarnet's crouch, good in any downhill race, was perfect for the Squaw Valley course, which has a long, flat run-out near the bottom where the other racers had trouble maintaining their speed and where Vuarnet saved the .6 second that gave him the victory: "To go fast on the hill is nothing. You make your time on the flat; and there my speed position was best."



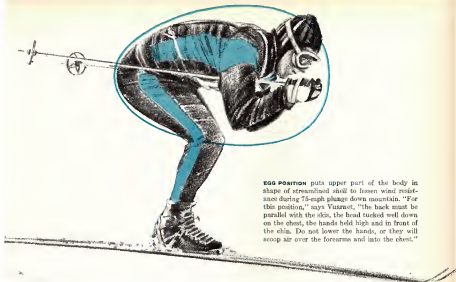
HEAD-ON VIEW shows Vuarnet's head, shoulders, arms, hands curled into tight circle. "Legs are spread for comfort and to let the air through. The skis must lie flat upon the snow, both for speed and for stability."



COMMON MISTAKES by other racers are imitated above by Vuarnet. Skier at left has head in good position; but stiff knees force his rear end too high. Skier at right raises his head too far, so that helmet pokes up above perfect circle, thus increasing air resistance. Long-legged racers have most trouble curling into the correct position, Vuarnet explains. "But it is really easy for me. I am quite short in the legs and longer above the waist."

AMERICAN MISTAKE is holding feet too close together. This cuts down on speed by tipping skis onto outside edges, also tends to cramp thighs so skier has less spring going over bumps.





EGG POSITION puts upper part of the body in shape of streamlined shell to lessen wind resistance during 75-mph plunge down mountain. "For this position," says Vuarnet, "the back must be parallel with the skis, the head tucked well down on the chest, the hands held high and in front of the chin. Do not lower the hands, or they will scoop air over the forearms and into the chest."



CRUCIAL MOMENT in downhill came where course crossed two large bumps called Double Trouble, then plunged down steep pitch beyond. Here, many racers straightened up or tried to jump over the bumps. "But," said Vuarnet, "I calculated that my speed would carry me over both bumps without my having to move a muscle." Vuarnet was right. Holding his speed position, he shot over the bumps, leaning forward slightly as he landed to compensate for the steep pitch beyond.



FIRM HAND, FAIR LADY

AFTER clinching a gold medal with one of the most polished performances ever seen in Olympic figure skating, Carol Heiss fought through reporters to reach a dark, angular man who stood at the edge of the rink, a cigar clenched in his teeth. He was French-born Pierre Brunet, skating coach for the past 14 of Carol's 20 years. Brunet put his hand on her shoulder (*adore*), and together they watched the other skaters vainly trying to cut down Carol's commanding lead. Then it was over, and Carol was the Olympic champion, as the perceptive Monsieur Brunet had always known she would be.

Through most of her life, he has alternately coddled her and driven her, both on and off the ice. "Pierre babies me when he knows I'm under a strain," said Carol. "Every night he cleans and polishes my boots and sharpens my skate blades. He even dyes the zippers on my costumes."

Of course, there are times when Pierre cannot baby her, such as the solitary moment in the dressing room just before Carol goes on. "I've struggled through hundreds of those countdowns," said Carol, "and they never seem to get any easier. I still panic.

Did I remember to give my laces an extra tightening? Is my costume right? Did I remember to put on lipstick? How does my hair look? Will my nose run when I get out into the cold? Have I got a Kleenex? No, no, I can't make it out to the ice, my legs are cramped. No, they are rubbing. I can't stand up. I can't move. Who took my skate guards? And so it goes"—at least when Brunet is not nearby.

But when he is with her, he can, in Carol's own words, "be terribly demanding at times." Never more so than on the night Carol received her Olympic medal, when Brunet ordered her back on the ice for practice at 11 p.m. "I was dead," said Carol. "All I wanted to do was go to bed." But Pierre just said, "The world championships at Vancouver begin next Tuesday."

The practice session was a stormy one, and Brunet seemed to like nothing Carol did. Her head was too low, her hands too gawky, her feet "like elephants' feet plowing around in the mud." Finally, past midnight, Carol had had it. She skated to the barrier where Pierre was standing, her face scarlet with anger and cold. Brunet

leaned over and said, "Here's some hot chocolate. You must be cold."

The fight just dissolved out of Carol's face. "Now, how could you be angry with a man like that?" she asked later. "Where on earth did he find hot chocolate at that hour of the night? And, as usual, he was so right about the whole brutal session. I needed the tension physically beaten out of me. He really knows me better than I do myself."

After the world championships, Carol is through with competitive skating; and the idea of retirement is frightening to her. Brunet knows that he himself must let go of her altogether, and the thought makes him sad. "I don't know right now what I will do when Carol is gone," he said, staring at his fingertips. "I shall miss her dreadfully, for I love her very dearly. But this medal, now that she has won the struggle for it, it is nothing—bah—nothing. Merely the culmination of the first phase of Carol's life."

—MARY SNOW

RAPTUROUS GLOW shines from the face of Carol Heiss after she won her gold medal.



OUR NEVER-SAY-DIE HOCKEYMEN

BEFORE the first puck was dropped at Squaw Valley, experts had selected the two teams which would fight for the 1960 hockey gold medal. One, of course, was Russia, winner at Cortina. The other was Canada. The experts paid little attention to a third squad, one which included a soldier, a fireman, a couple of carpenters, two insurance peddlers and a television advertising salesman.

Unheralded and unsung—they were sometimes lukewarmly received in towns across the country where they played before coming to the Olympics—these U.S. hockey men drifted into Squaw Valley like wandering minstrels. They left national heroes.

In their first four games the U.S. beat Czechoslovakia, Australia, Sweden and Germany. Still, they seemed no match for Canada, which had scored 40 goals and conceded but three, or for Russia, with its marvelous pattern passing and tight defense.

Then suddenly the Swedes, playing well over their heads, tied the Russians 2-2. The tie cost Russia a vital point and made the game between the U.S. and Canada the most important of the Olympics.

In the first period Bob Cleary, an insurance salesman from Westwood, Mass., poked in a goal from 10 feet out. The crowd of 8,500 shouted, the Americans hoisted their hockey sticks in jubilation. Then Paul Johnson, of Minnesota, deftly lashed the puck past Don Head, the Canadian goalie, to put the U.S. ahead 2-0. In the third period, with six minutes remaining in the game, the Canadians scored. But it was too late for them. The time blinked away on the big scoreboards. One minute. Thirty seconds. Ten seconds. The crowd began to chant: "Ten. Nine. Eight. . . ." With three seconds left, goalie Jack McCartan started beating his stick on the ice, joining the crowd in the

count-down. "Three," yelled the crowd. Slam, went Jack McCartan's stick. "Two." Slam. "One." Slam! The game was over.

Between the victory over Canada and the game with the Russians there was a day of rest. People followed McCartan everywhere. He told them about his son, barely a month old, whom he missed very much. He said that his wife Barbara had heard about the game with Canada and had danced around the house in total happiness.

Minutes before the Russia-U.S. game began, the organist played *Just One More Chance*, as if to encourage the Soviets. Shortly thereafter Bill Cleary scored for the U.S. on a pass from his brother, Bob. But within five minutes, Russia scored twice to lead 2-1. The stadium was gloomily hushed. In the locker room Jack Riley told his team, "Everyone in the nation is counting on you guys. There are millions watching you on television."

In the second period, Bill Christian, one of the American carpenters, took a pass from his brother, Roger, the other American carpenter, and tied the score. Again in the third period, Bill Christian rammed home a goal to push the U.S. ahead 3-2. Then, until the end of the game, the Americans fought the Russians off.

The next day these miraculous minstrels went out and nailed down their gold medal with one final, dramatic flourish. Behind 4-3 after two periods against Czechoslovakia, the U.S. players got a surprise visit from Nik Sologubov, the Russian captain, who came into the dressing room and urged them to take oxygen as a pick-up before the final period. They did, and whether by oxygen or pure inspiration, they crushed the Czechs with a six-goal rally.

—WILLIAM LUGGETT



JUMPING FOR JOY. U.S. players salute winning goal against Russia. After game





(below), burly Forwards Billy Cleary (left) and Bob McVey rethink their 3-2 victory with 145-pound Bill

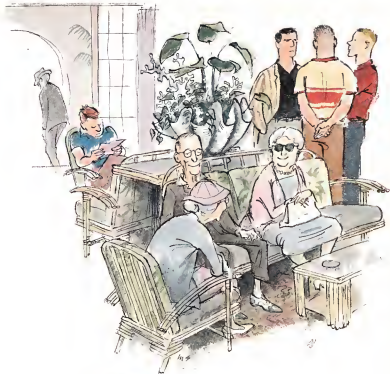
Christian of Warroad, Minnesota, who led the U.S. attack with two goals against a tough Soviet defense.





In the Best of All Possible Worlds

VOLTAIRE was not a sportswriter. But he might well have had spring training in mind when he wrote the line that is appropriated above. For it would indeed be hard to improve on the world that baseball creates each spring in the sunshine (well, mostly sunshine) of Florida and Arizona. Optimism runs high, and the euphoria is so thick that you can cut it with a fungo bat. To capture the spirit of this unique little world, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* sent Artist Marc Simont on a tour of the training camps, and the incomparable results of his journey include the cover for this week's issue and the portfolio of perceptive paintings on this and the following pages. Although, as Pitcher Jim Brosnan confides on page 62, there are certain anxieties among the players, perhaps typified by the veteran nursing an aging soupbone in the sketch above, Artist Simont found the prospect a generally happy one: young men aglow with health and vigor, old folks watching them at the ball park and in the hotel lobbies, smiling and serene; young and old blissfully forgetting for a while that somebody's got to finish eighth. Nobody around the training camps, according to Simont, appears to be middle-aged.











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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Who Won the Olympics?

IF stern Avery Brundage had his way it would be an offense punishable by confiscation of all scrap paper and pencils to tally up team scores in the Olympic Games. The Games, according to Olympic officialdom, are not designed to puff the pride of nations but to prove the prowess of athletes as individuals.

This, of course, is a praiseworthy ideal, yet it is an incontrovertible and not entirely reprehensible fact that sports fans and patriots with no malice of intent were busy all over the world last week totting up the national team scores. Since there were no official rules to inhibit them, every man and every nation could feel free to make his own tally. In Russia, a leading sports magazine, the official

Communist radio and the organ of a Red youth organization each used a different scoring method and they all added up to victory for the Soviets. In tiny Liechtenstein, there were doubtless many convincing arguments put forth to prove that a three-man team which placed 39th, 40th and 43rd out of 65 entrants in one ski event and 41st, 49th and 50th out of 63 in another was the real winner from a percentage point of view.

Deprived of grounds for claiming high aggregate scores, France, the U.S., Switzerland, Canada, Germany, Sweden each had reason to point with overwhelming national pride to spectacular single victories. But the one indisputable, over-all winner at Squaw Valley was no individual or nation at all, but the world itself, the world of sport and the world of people.

The habit of pessimism is easy in these days of endlessly continuing crisis, and it was constantly in evidence during the long months of preparation at Squaw Valley. Doom or, at the least, squalor was predicted for the VIII Winter Games for any number of reasons ranging from incompetent planning to the political schisms of the cold war. The fact that none of these dreary auguries materialized should not have surprised anyone, but there was room for both wonder and thanksgiving that they failed to materialize so very significantly.

Winter sports experts in Europe particularly had viewed the preparations at Squaw with disparagement, yet last week the Swiss president of the International Ski Federation, Dr. Marc Holder, together with two colleagues from Sweden and Norway, called this year's Winter Games the best ever held. "Never before," said Holder, "has there been so much done for the competitors and officials." "We've never seen anything like the

continued



I T had a small room that not too many knew about,
Near the roof, where the Old Man went to compose himself for five minutes
After Cookie busted up Bevins' no-hitter.
A friend said, "He doesn't worry about this. He's seen too many
Like this."
But nothing was ever like this, and the Old Man stayed there alone,
Coming out composed.
Even Sister, no fan, jumped out of his seat that day
When Mikos carried the mail.
MacPhail painted it red, white and blue in wartime.
Our Dodgers were in the race at the end and blew the first game.
She peered at Branch warming up. "Yes'd
Better win this one,
Ya bum?"
And he did.
But the Phillies (the Phillies?) won the pennant.
It was where Jackie baited pitchers off first and the
Entire enemy off third.
O Ebbets Field, my Ebbets Field?
One weekday afternoon 2,000 drifted in. "Hit 'em like ya usta,
Jackie!" and he did. "Yes, Jackie!"
Pee Wee stood in the dugout and looked with Gil, Duke and Carl.
"You think that was going in?" It did.
"I didn't," Pee Wee said. They agreed this time Pee Wee missed one.
What does a batting-practice homer count for anyway?
It was where they made a foot-in-the-bucket hitter out of Campy.
The pitchers put him in the dirt.
But nobody
Tangled with him coming home—by desire or design.
There were Zack Wheat and Dazzy, Mungo and Bijon Phelps, Del
Bissnette and Frenchy, Preacher, Dolf, Babe Herman, Erik,
Red and Gladys and Hilda,
Leo and Charlie and Barney. But the place was
Uncle Robbie's.
Max Carey and the mighty Casey.
Stengel explained the right-field court tennis game to Mantle.
"He looks at me like I'm born 59 and manage the Yankees ever since."
It belonged to Ebbets when baseball was in its infancy, the
McKaveys, Mulveys, Brooklyn Trust, McLaughlin, John L. Smith
And Rickey. Who knows?
It kept lawyers in business.
The steel rotted beneath crumbling concrete, and not too many people knew.
The People's Chero dwell here. What's more important?
The first day MacArthur came they score 5 in the bottom of the 9th.
And lose by two.
A big day for the special police.
Here Irving Rudd put his arm around the King of Iraq and explained
The diamond and democracy to him,
More or less.
"Precisely," said the King.
And Rudd clapped a Dodger cap on the royal head to the slow
Dismay of the Regent.
The photographers were faster.
O'Malley, a director, wanted to paint the light towers.
"They're rusting."
"They're not," said John L. Smith.
"Why, then, are they rust-colored?"
O'Malley painted them aluminum.
The rotunda was something.
But inside out for selling tickets.
Which after all.
The Press did little note but long remembers
The snail's elevator. Tommy Holmes walked up and got there first.
Brave men climbed the rotten right-field wire to retrieve
Baseballs.
Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Only the dead know Brooklyn.

A remembrance by Allen Clarke



O **EBBETS** **FIELD!**

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

way the Americans design and build equipment for preparing the courses," added Norway's Knut Kersvold.

In a more intimate, human way the failure of the world's international tensions to find a foothold at Squaw was just as spectacular. The friendliness and affection that existed between the competitors was obvious to millions of televisioners in quick unexpected little shots like that of Penny Pitou with her cheek close to that of the German girl who had just robbed her of her heart's hope, like that of a nameless American rushing out to comfort the little Polish girl who stumbled to the finish line in one event, sobbing at the fate that cost her a medal almost at the moment of triumph.

Even a ruckus among the U.S. speed skaters was productive of a rather special international tribute. "The only coaching I got," said one U.S. skater, "was from Russia's Klara Guseva. She spoke no English, but we got along in sign language. She was a darling." And the hotly contested hockey rivalry turned to an alliance when bested Russia offered the victorious U.S. a timely hint on beating the Czechs (see page 22).

"In the lineup of the columns on the ice, the Soviet and American athletes stand side by side and shoulder to shoulder," intoned Moscow's *Pravda* at the opening of the Games at Squaw. "The spectators approve this proximity, desiring therein one more good omen of the way to strengthening the friendship of the peoples of the U.S.S.R. and the U.S."

This is the pompous, diplomatic way of saying it on the eve of a summit conference. At Squaw itself they said it more simply, with a friendly

smile and a handshake that put the whole world a lap or two ahead of the game.

Our Man on the Mountain

STAFF WRITER Morten Lund took his skis to Squaw Valley. He is a pretty fair weekend skier, and when he noticed one day last week that the men's downhill course still had its control gates, he headed for the push-off point at the top of Squaw Peak. Here, for other weekend skiers, are Lund's notes:

"Trekking slowly through icy wind to where starting-gate poles stood shaking in the blast. Laced on skis, calmed by thought that all ski experts had proclaimed Squaw downhill to be the easiest ever included in an Olympic program.

"Lack of purchase forced a carom tactic off lower pole of third gate and a full halt. Next section was a traverse across face of glittering, hard-frozen 45° incline to Gate Four, where the first big straightaway begins. Clung to slope like an ant to side of a sugar scoop. Had to scramble to avoid side-slipping straight down slope. Finally hooked arm around nearest pole of Gate Four and paused to scrutinize straightaway section.

"Decided there was not much to it except that it went straight down and ended a quarter mile below on the flat, where some very small people were skiing about. Let go of gate, moved quickly into high, then decided to abandon plans to take this portion straight, as the racers had. Started series of check turns to bring speed below Mach 1. Counted 23 turns to the flat. Racers had made no turns at all on this section, which explains why

they came off Squaw Peak at 70 miles an hour, or approximately 55 miles an hour faster than Lund.

"Out on flat, finally managed elegant stop turn. Paused to take in stunning view of Squaw Peak before setting off for Gate Seven. Soon noticed that Gate Seven was placed on a hump, and that both gate and hump were approaching rapidly. Here good technique calls for quick retraction of skis or pre-jump, to keep skier from being thrown upward as he crosses hump. Retracted slightly late and became airborne just beyond Gate Seven. As gate closed in, managed to extend legs far enough to make skis touch the ground. Made hasty snow-plow stop before terrain dropped steeply away again. Decided to check bindings before going on. Bindings were O.K.

"Headed down drop-off and by judiciously knocking the tops off a few bumps during descent, stayed below the speed of light. Shot out on the flat where sighted friend riding chair lift. Decided to stop and wave. Game to stop 300 yards farther on. Friend already out of sight. Went on to Gate Thirteen.

"Here faced a tricky bit of terrain known as Camel's Hump, consisting of a sharp dip with a 12-foot wall of snow rising at the end of it. Went down dip and up wall by artfully jamming kneecap into lower rib cage. At top of wall started carefully planned 30-foot arc. At 29 feet entered section called Waterfall, which dropped abruptly away, and extended carefully planned arc another 40 feet, some of it on skis. Came to body-friction stop out on the flat a considerable distance from the base of Waterfall. Estimated that speed through this section had equaled that of Jean Vuarnet, the race winner.

"Hopped up and pushed smartly off down long, fast flat where course dips in and out of deep dry creek bed. Had trouble getting out of creek, but finally sidestepped up far bank and brushed snow off stretch pants. Then set skis on homestretch, down bumpy traverse and moved across finish line, sliding and taking final control flag along.

"Allowing for five seconds to untangle control flag, Lund's time down

continued

They Said It

CASEY STENGEL, at the New York Yankees' spring training camp: "This time we're going to stick to sweat and toil, and maybe there'll even be a little bleeding."

MARTIN KRATZER, builder, announcing that the 53-acre housing project to be built on the site of Ebbets Field will have a diamond for small-fry baseball: "Brooklyn will always have its Little League Dodgers."

BOB CLEARY, U.S. Olympic hockey player, on Russian hockey players: "They don't talk about Communism. Like us, they talk about hockey—and girls."



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WORLD'S

MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Olympic course was 14 minutes 12 seconds, or only 12 minutes 6 seconds more than Vuarnet's."

See Here, Mr. Laughran

THE technology of synthetics is a subject this magazine customarily leaves to others. Thus, little has been or will be said here of plastic Christmas trees in a choice of colors, of rabbits' feet available in nylon, or of synthetic rice designed purely to be thrown at brides on their wedding day. But now comes a little item which was put on display at the Jersey Coast Boat Show last week by one William Laughran of Manasquan, N.J.

Mr. Laughran offers for sale (\$4.95) a handy, handsome and surefire packet for christening boats. Now everybody knows that you christen boats with champagne, just as you toss



salt over your shoulder when you spill it, and avoid stepping on cracks in the pavement. This is simply the way people do things. At least they should.

Not Mr. Laughran. He has invented a special breakaway bottle (proper champagne bottles have been known to survive a christening) encased in a net that catches the broken glass. And inside the bottle is—not champagne but a foaming chemical which "will not stain clothes or injure boat finishes and assures the proper effect for photographers and friends standing by."

Now it is possible to warm up a TV Dinner and convince yourself that you have had supper. It is perhaps possible to regard the Easter show at Radio City as a religious experience. It is even possible, maybe, to absorb classical music by listening to Eight Great Themes by Eight Great Composers. It is not, however, possible to christen a boat with foaming chemicals without losing the

soul of the boat and that of the christener.

Therefore, go to, Mr. Laughran, and take your breakaway bottle with you. There are some things with which nobody should tamper.

Muscling into Harvard

NEXT SEPTEMBER, when the fall term opens at Harvard, less than a third of the 5,000 applicants for the freshman class will be accepted. How can Harvard be sure it is admitting the best of them? Last week, after a year's study, a seven-man faculty committee filed a 56-page answer.

Seek intellectual promise above all, said the faculty committee, without trying too hard to balance incoming freshmen by background and geographical origins in an "ideal class," and without too much concern for their ability to pay. Scrutinize "with increasing rigor" the applications of sons of Harvard alumni when their records show them academically weak. (In last year's freshman class, 40% of alumni sons were in the class's bottom quarter.) And so on.

What weight should Harvard admissions policy give to athletic ability? Formally and gravely, the Harvard faculty men bade their college give it "significant" weight.

Some, said the professors, may regard any attention paid to athletics as a "lapse from 'intellectual standards.'" [But] intellect is not a fragile plant which needs protection." Moreover, said the report with cheerful crispness: "It is sometimes amusing to hear an athletic success, on the Thames at Henley or in the Yale Bowl, referred to in apologetic terms which the Greeks, at their most rigorously intellectual, would have found incomprehensible."

Granting that the athlete-scholar is "essentially a luxury for an admission staff already charged with looking for many other things" and granting that "no special preference [should] be given applicants on the basis of athletic ability," the committee recommended that Harvard continue to give attention to athletic rating "once the question of intellectual competence has been squarely faced."

Indeed, wrote the professors with a flush of Crimson pride, the soundness of the argument that brain and brawn can be compatible was demonstrated at Harvard last year: "Our winning football and soccer teams of 1959 are 'brighter,' in terms of academic performance, than were their notably less successful predecessors of a few years ago."

Rocket Mail in Maine—II

THOSE amateur rocketeers who tased the State of Maine for the right to shoot their missiles from the state's rocky shores (SI, Jan. 25) won their case and took to the launching pads at Lincolnville Beach, to fire two rockets last week.

The rockets were loaded with several thousand letters which were to be picked up in the middle of Penobscot Bay by Lincolnville Postmaster Cyril Hopper, who would then speed them along regular U.S. mail channels. The letters would then presumably become rocket mail collectors' items.

But the first rocket, containing 3,000 letters, suffered a parachute malfunction and instead of floating down near the boat of the waiting postmaster, it splashed into the bay and sank in 150 feet of icy water. A



second rocket misfired completely on the launching pad, setting fire to the mail cargo.

Naturally, the amateur scientists were crushed, but Postmaster Hopper was most pleased. In rocket mail circles, he explained, nothing can beat a scorched letter.

Sequel

NOW that Squaw Valley is over, San Francisco's Prentiss Hale, president of the Olympic Organizing Committee, is taking his wife and four children off for a well-earned vacation. Where? To Switzerland, that's where, for some skiing. **END**

It's Bally Ache!

The strangely named colt is the East's top Derby hope after winning the Flamingo

FROM THE MOMENT the Flamingo starting gates crashed open last Saturday, a short-backed, high-withered colt with the colorfully indigestible name of Bally Ache turned the year's first major eastern distance race for Triple Crown candidates into a spirited but exhausting game of follow-the-leader. Owned by Leonard D. Fruchtmann, a vice-president of two

managed on Saturday to come back to the winner's circle with his first \$100,000 victory.

Bally Ache had a formidable 1959 season. Starting 16 times on nine different tracks, he was out of the money only once and managed to earn \$363,477, second only to Warfare's \$394,610 among 2-year-olds.

As good as his record was, he had some hard-to-take bad luck: in five different \$100,000 stakes, each decided by the photo-finish camera, Bally Ache came out second-best. The total losing margins for those five races

off for this training came a week before the Flamingo at a mile and a sixteenth—bringing together Bally Ache and Edward P. Taylor's Canadian champion Victoria Park. Usery bolted out of the gate as usual on Bally Ache, but this time he looked over and saw Eddie Arcaro right alongside on Greek Page. These two experienced riders proceeded to put on a duel the likes of which only two starving apprentice boys could duplicate. Bally Ache uncorked some phenomenal fractions: :34 1/2 for the half, a track record 1:08 1/2 for six furlongs, and a mile in 1:33 1/2. Of course, he put Greek Page away, but in doing that he set things up perfectly for Victoria Park to come on and win in the record time of 1:40 1/2. "The race did him a world of good," said Trainer Pitt. It must have. Saturday Victoria Park finished second, over three lengths behind Bally Ache.

That race also showed Pitt that Bally Ache would never win the big ones unless something could be done about rating him. And so, last week he trotted out still another device. Pitt couppied Bally Ache with a figure eight, a strap arrangement that drops under the jaw tightly. This eased the strain of the bit against his horse's tender mouth.

This week the California-based 3-year-olds go for their first hundred-grander in the Santa Anita Derby, and although the early favorite, Warfare, will skip it because of an earlier interruption in his training, the winner will later come East as the western champion. But the immediate excitement in California last week was not caused by Derby hopefuls. It originated, in fact, with another foundryman, Llane I. Nelson of Whittier, Calif., like Fruchtmann a horse owner with a modest investment. Nelson's 4-year-old, Linmold, was a surprising winner of the Santa Anita Handicap. Like Bally Ache (a \$2,500 investment who has now won \$429,027), Linmold is a marvelous bargain. He cost Nelson a total of \$7,500. His Santa Anita earnings were \$107,900. Like Bally Ache, too, Linmold is oddly named. Innocent of the ways of The Jockey Club, Nelson named his colt for his company. The Jockey Club, just as innocent of the existence of Linmold Co., registered the horse, contrary to its rules against trade names. All in all, it was a great week for foundrymen and name callers.

END



AT STRETCH TURN BALLY ACHE ALREADY HAS HANDSOME LEAD ON VICTORIA PARK

Toledo steel foundries, Bally Ache led nearly every stride of the way and won the rugged mile-and-an-eighth test with ridiculous ease, to set himself up as the rightful eastern favorite for the Kentucky Derby.

Bally Ache's victory over the very best Florida-based 3-year-olds came as a surprise only to those who see in his breeding—Ballydam out of Celestial Blue by Supremus—speed but not staying power for the cup distances. Two who didn't see it that way were Bally Ache's trainer, Jimmy Pitt, and jockey Bobby Usery, who in his ninth year of riding finally

was just under two lengths. Had Bally Ache won all five, he would have earned an additional \$419,270.

The big task for 1960, Trainer Pitt decided when he shipped into Hialeah, was to prove that Bally Ache could go a distance. First he equipped the colt with blinkers to curb a tendency he has to ease himself up once he is comfortably in the lead. The trick worked: in the Hibiaceus, Bally Ache won by six lengths, going away.

Next it was decided to tighten the horse up for the strenuous campaign ahead with more long morning gallops and fewer speed trials. The pay-

Panatela Profiles

by Robt. Burns

A characterization

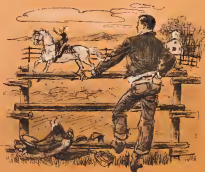


As Hampel—stockbroker—father of four—ranch home Westport, Conn.—married secretary who “now dictates to me”—easily identified by red Austin Healy—likes smoking on sporty side, too—chooses trim Robt. Burns Panatelas.



Many leisure hours spent rehiring Civil War—treasures vast collection of Brady prints—fond of Bruce Catton's works—like General Grant, loves fine cigars—regards Robt. Burns Panatelas “mildest on market.”*

Converted by wife to ballet, now ardent fan—thinks Royal Ballet's “Swan Lake” the most beautiful thing in the theatre—loves listening to ballet music on new stereo outfit and puffing on a Robt. Burns Panatela.



Vacations with family on dude ranch—still prefers his Healy to a horse—but proud of daughter Susan's equestrienne flair—feels her riding master well qualified because he knows horses...and cigars—guess which brand he smokes?



Robt. Burns Panatela De Luxe—2 for 27¢. Other distinctive shapes: 2 for 25¢—15¢ each—3 for 50¢—25¢ each.

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Tight squeeze in the Skyline

It came down to a two-point difference, but in the end Utah beat Utah State, thanks to a coach's love of detail

THE snow was eight feet deep in the mountain passes around Logan in northern Utah last week. It had been falling, on and off, for 12 straight days before the heavy cloud cover began to break apart. But it could have snowed 12 more days for all the effect the weather had on the crowds pouring in across the Wasatch Range to the home of Utah State for the basketball game with the University of Utah.

The schools have been natural rivals for more than 50 years, but the game would settle more than an intrastate score. The winner almost surely would be this year's Skyline Conference champion and earn a place in the NCAA national championship tournament next month. In Salt Lake City, 80 miles away, tickets for the game were being scalped for \$50 apiece.

Utah is one of the few areas in the country where basketball takes precedence over college football. Two of the state's three major universities—Brigham Young, Utah and Utah State—don't even bother to offer football season tickets, yet in most years basketball season tickets are sold out before the season opens.

There are various reasons for this, but the prime one is the winning brand of ball played at Utah's colleges under the direction of three of the nation's best coaches, Stan Watts at BYU, Cecil Baker at Utah State and Jack Gardner at Utah. In the last 11 seasons, either BYU or Utah has won the Skyline title seven times, and Utah State has been second or third in five of those years. This season Utah and Utah State came up to Saturday's game tied for first place in the Skyline with 10-1 records and with ratings as the fifth and

eighth best teams in the nation, respectively.

It would be hard to imagine two more different personalities than Gardner and Baker. Utah's Jack Gardner is a voluble, peppy, outgoing man in his late 40s whose handsome features are beginning to show the ravages of 24 years of high-pressure coaching. Half of his teams, chiefly at Kansas State and Utah, have been conference champions, and six have placed second—a remarkable record. He is the first to admit that he is one of his profession's best and most tenacious recruiters. "More games are won," he says, "during the months of recruiting than during the weeks of the season's play. You've got to have good players to win, and you've got

to recruit or you won't get them. I am a good recruiter, and I'm proud of it."

On Gardner's best team at Kansas State, the 1961 crew that went to the NCAA finals, four of the five starters were recruited from outside the state of Kansas. The same is true of this year's Utah team (three from California, one from Indiana), which may well be the best Gardner has had since he came to Utah in 1953.

The intensity Gardner brings to recruiting carries over into the way he coaches. All of Utah's practice sessions are planned to the minute the day before they are held and run off on a strict timetable. There will be five minutes devoted to one drill, 10 to another, two minutes for a talk by Gardner on the necessity of players drying their hair after showers so they don't catch cold, or for a general compliment to the squad on its improvement. At all Utah home games he

COACH JACK GARDNER LECTURES HIS PLAYERS ON THE MINUTIAE OF BASKETBALL



has 13 statisticians (four on the road) keeping figures on every conceivable phase of the play. They note, under 27 different headings, precisely how every point was scored from the field—what play was used, the type of pass to the scorer, the kind of shot, where it was taken and so on.

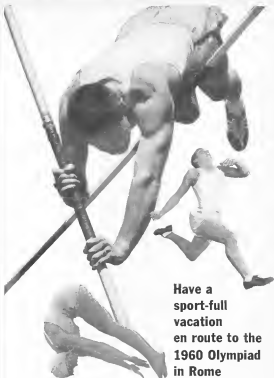
All these figures and the minute-by-minute record of practice sessions are kept in a folder and bound into a book at the end of the season. Gardner can tell you, in a matter of seconds, what type of pass into the pivot man was the most effective during the 1953 season and why.

Utah State's Cecil Baker is a mild, blue-eyed, 60-year-old who was born on a Utah farm and still keeps a few sheep in the rear of his home near the State campus. He also fusses over a hundred-odd prize dahlias. He was raised in a leisurely home, and that is the way he likes to live and coach basketball. State's practice sessions are run with a light hand. Much of the time is spent in competitive shooting games like twenty-one. But Cecil Baker also gets excellent results with his relaxed style, and his gentle, generous personality attracts good players to the State campus. As at Utah, four of his regulars are from out of state (two from California, two from Indiana).

It has been Baker's pattern for years to rely on five men for most of

continued

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By Paul Larson,
President of Larson Boat Works, Inc.

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One family, the "Cruising Crowfords" of Lake of the Ozarks, Missouri, covered a world's record 3700 miles this summer in a Larson All-American. They completely circled the Eastern half of the United States.



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The Crowfords tied up at marinas along the way for overnight. Many families, however, spend their nights sleeping on board. For this, they had that the flat inner floor which is a feature of every Larson runabout and cruiser, is a big comfort. Also, Larson has a sealed double bottom.

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So far we've talked mainly about the advantages of a Larson boat at night or at anchor. But it's in the daytime while you're cruising along, that you'll get the most pleasure out of your Larson.

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BASKETBALL continued

every game every season. He likes to say he would substitute more freely if he had the material, but the record and his own words belie that. "I played at a small high school," he says, "and I coached at some small ones, too. I found that when boys play together, game after game, they get to know each other's styles and habits so well that they play better."

IRON MEN OF STATE

The five starters on Baker's team this year have played the full 40 minutes of more than half their games. Just a few weeks ago they visited Utah in Salt Lake City, played the whole game with only one substitution, and gave Utah its only conference loss of the year 73-61. They did it with an offense run by a skinny, 5-foot-7 guard named Max Perry, who is one of the best players in college ball today. Perry gets the ball into the hands of three teammates—Cornell Green, Tyler Wilbon, and Jerry Schofield—in unbelievably close-in positions under the basket, and they feint their way beautifully into clear layups. His own fine outside shooting and that of State's other guard, Ralph Cullimore, keep the rival defense from collapsing around the three under the basket. It sounds very simple, but these five men execute the offense with brilliant precision; they are quick, the passes are crisp and accurate and ball-handling errors extremely few.

Jack Gardner's Utah team plays a different game. Gardner has a 6-foot-9 center named Billy McGill and he has built his offense around McGill in the pivot. The problem, of course, is to get the ball into McGill, and Utah's two shifty guards, Bill Cowan and Joe Morton, generally do a good job of this. The two forwards, Allen Holmes and Rich Raffell, shoot well, and Holmes, especially, free-lances his way expertly into good scoring position.

At game time there was barely breathing room in Utah State's fieldhouse. The crowd of 7,000 was 500 over normal capacity, and the cheering was continuous and deafening from the start. Utah State ran away to a 6-0 lead in the first few minutes in exactly the manner they had won before, with Perry feeding the ball in close. On defense, State put a man

in front of McGill and one behind him. Utah could not get the ball to him. With the score 29-18 and State apparently on the way to another victory, Gardner called a time-out and made two changes in assignments. He switched McGill from his high post to a spot deep under the basket where State could hardly collapse around him without conceding even more shooting room. And he put his team in a man-to-man defense in the hope that it would prevent State's close-in teamwork. Whether this turned the trick or whether Utah State suddenly went cold is the sort of question that launches endless debate, but certainly Gardner's moves helped. In six short minutes before half time, Utah caught up quickly and walked off the floor only three points behind at 39-36.

Right at the start of the second half, Utah State failed to score in an easy three-on-one situation, and this was a sign of trouble to come. Utah took the lead for the first time at 40-39, and soon was in command at 52-44. More significant than the score, however, was the manner in which the team had solved its problems. The guards, Cowan and Morton, continually broke up State's quick-breaking plays, deflecting passes, often stealing the ball outright. On offense, both began to hit consistently from outside. McGill suddenly was being guarded by one man, and he suddenly was scoring.

To Utah State's credit, the five starters who played the whole game never lost their poise. They fought back repeatedly until with two and a half minutes to play they were only four points behind. This set the stage for a lovely surprise by Gardner. To stop State's momentum, Gardner called a time-out, and gave the order for a set play that Utah had been practicing all season and had been saving for just such a spot. A rapid series of feints and screens cut the speedy Holmes loose, and he went in for an easy layup. State still refused to give up. Behind by eight with a little over a minute to go, State managed to come to within two points of Utah before losing 77-75.

It was a game between two superb teams, each capable of beating the best in the country on any night. If they both get into the postseason national tournaments they should do very well indeed.

END



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Raider from the South

**'Listen to the Mockingbird?'
Not in Pennsylvania, where
its rebel yell has led to war**

CAN bird watchers be impartial? Are they capable of turning the same kindly eyes upon all species? Does each feathered visitor get the same welcome at their winter feeding stations? This ethical question is now being asked by bird fanciers in the northern reaches of Pennsylvania's Bucks County, and I am afraid that, in a surprising number of cases, the answer is—no.

The specter of partiality stalks this pleasant countryside as a direct result of an unprecedented invasion of mockingbirds. Upon first being identified in local yards this fabled songster of the Southland is greeted with enthusiasm. How nice to have mockingbirds added to the list of winter visitors! Will they sing in spring? Do you think they'll stay? What if they nest? Much early affection is lavished upon these jaunty birds in gray.

Then the mocker descends upon the feeding station. He not only descends upon the station, but he also descends upon the regular winter birds that flock around it. Chickadees, juncos, tufted titmice and little downy woodpeckers are put to rout. The welcomed visitor becomes a feathered juggernaut bearing down on the tails of the regulars as they put for the tall timber. They sneak back to sip at the suet, but the invader seems to be everywhere. No longer is there peace in the garden.

At this point the human provider changes his tune. The owner of the



FEATHERED INVADER, whose plagiarized melodies have become part of the legend of the South, presents a belligerent appearance on taking over feeding station.

feeding station switches from terms of admiration to explosive invective. Take, for example, the case of my neighbor John B. Hulburd.

When the first mocker showed up in Jack's yard he was tickled pink. He had me rush over to help make sure of the identification. It was a mockingbird all right—a gray bird, the shape and size of a catbird, and with white in its wings and tail.

Jack already had been cheered by those visitors from the far north, the evening grosbeaks. "Think of having evening grosbeaks and mockingbirds in the yard at the same time," he exulted. "Do you think he'll stay?"

The next time I saw him it was a different Jack. He roared into my living room with hardly a hello.

SUCH WORDS FOR BIRDS!

"You and your blankety-blank mockingbird," he shouted. "He's chasing all the other birds away from the feeding station. I'll—." He continued. I've never heard such words for birds. But Jack is a man who thinks for himself. He is an airplane pilot, and bird watching is just his hobby. Nothing would make a mock-

ery of his feeding station. In this crisis he thought out a plan.

Carefully selecting a site just south of the guest house, he put up another feeding station, stocking it with raisins and other tidbits calculated to soothe the mockingbird gullet. Now a semblance of order has been restored. There are three mockingbirds in his yard, but they hang out around the new station while the regulars have returned to the old lunch counter on the other side of the house. The invaders still make occasional raids, but for the most part they linger in their newly designated territory. Even so, it is an uneasy truce.

No such truce has been attained in the yard of Mrs. E. Taylor Pierce, an ardent bird student whose home is not far from Elephant, or The Elephant, as this Bucks County crossroads is more familiarly known. When a mockingbird started dive-bombing her feeding stations Mrs. Pierce went into action. First she wrote to the National Wildlife Federation, Washington, D.C. They went into consultation with the United States Fish and Wildlife Service. Mrs. Pierce

continued



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NATURE continued

received a letter from the Federation saying: "The law enforcement section of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service advised us the best course of action in regards to your troublesome mockingbird is to contact a local game warden or conservation officer. He is the person to contact to obtain a permit to remove the bird and may be able to give direct assistance in this action."

Although the anti-mockingbird feelings of Mrs. Pierce had reached the boiling point, she is too fond of birds in general to wish the mocker real harm.

"All I wanted was to get him out of here," she said. She got in touch with her district game warden who came, watched the mockingbird and then gave permission to trap it for removal to some distant point.

"The mockingbird performed while he was here," Mrs. Pierce said. Later the warden showed up with a rabbit trap which was set on the terrace, festooned with boughs and baited inside and out with suet and peanut butter.

"All this with the mocker eying me," she said. The bird must have eyed her actions carefully, for it ate the bait on top of the trap but never went inside. The next day she removed the trap and leaned it up against the terrace. On the following day the warden came and took the trap away.

A COMPLAINT WAS LOGGED

"I was busy and didn't talk to him," she said. But that night she said he telephoned her house and left word that a complaint had been lodged against her on charges of illegal trapping of wild birds.

"I promptly burst into tears," said Mrs. Pierce sardonically. The warden, himself a conspirator, was in no mood to press the charge, preferring to ignore the whole affair.

Mrs. Pierce, however, refused to give up. At one point she got a neighbor's boy to shoot off a gun in the yard in the hopes it might scare the invader. Four shots were fired. At the first two the mocker flew away a short distance but returned.

"The next two only hurt my ears, and the mocker just sat and sneered," Mrs. Pierce said. "And I'm ashamed to say that I tried to turn the hose on him the other day."

Mockingbird's reputation for chronic bird-baiting on the Longmeadow, Massachusetts, town commons, has been well documented. In one with the whole town, the town commons are a common site for the "big o'aky" and humped-up celebration.

The two blankets (dark blue) are with birds, the birds from feeding, but the birds are all from the same area. "I was very happy with the whole thing," says my latest customer, Mrs. Pierce. "I was very happy with the whole thing," says my latest customer, Mrs. Pierce. "I was very happy with the whole thing," says my latest customer, Mrs. Pierce.

Mockingbirds are also known for their ability to mimic the sounds of other animals. In one with the whole town, the town commons are a common site for the "big o'aky" and humped-up celebration. Mockingbirds are also known for their ability to mimic the sounds of other animals. In one with the whole town, the town commons are a common site for the "big o'aky" and humped-up celebration.

Mockingbirds show up on occasion in the North, even as far north as Maine, but in Pennsylvania the southern songsters seem to be increasing rapidly. It is not unusual to see one fly across the road.

No neighbor knows where it all will end. One hope is that when the robins return in the spring they will chase the mockers away. There are a closely related species, and I suspect that. Last spring a mocker appeared in my yard but was chased off by resident robins. There is one other hope: the bird feeders are empty, and I suspect that. Last spring a mocker appeared in my yard but was chased off by resident robins. There is one other hope: the bird feeders are empty, and I suspect that.

These advances have been taken into consideration by those involved in the current invasion. Nobody dreams of a harsh winter, but there is a growing feeling among bird people that a long, cold winter will end this bitter controversy involving both birds and people—let it alone. Up to now this winter has been mild and pleasant, except for that ugly bird business.

END



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SPRING

The Quarterly Sporting Look Preview

A golden start for the sixties

OUR SELECTION of new fashions for spring reflects a shrinking world. The private plane shown on this Arizona ranch can bring its passengers from winter chill to desert heat in one routine trip. This quick change in climate makes clothing a special problem. Hence the new suits, worn by a couple arriving at the Rose Tree Ranch high in the Mustang range, are of fabrics which bridge the gap between winter and summer as easily as the swiftly flying plane. Neither the soufflé tweed of the woman's coat nor the Dacron-and-worsted gabardine of the man's weighs more than nine ounces to the yard. Their colors, lemon yellow and bronzed olive, are in the season's favorite golden range.

On the pages which follow are more aspects of this spring's season-bridging clothes. Golden-hued leathers—chamois and suede—are favorites not only down on the ranch but everywhere outdoors. The odd sport jacket, a man's most versatile garment, has been taken up by women for golf and riding and is worn with the same added dash of varicolored sport shirts and foulard scarves. The man's pullover golf sweater, also in the gold of the season, has replaced the cardigan at last.

For spring's favorite participant sport, east or west, there are ever better, ever newer golf jackets, shirts, shorts, skirts and slacks—all designed to make the swing easier, if not truer.

by FRED R. SMITH and JO AHERN ZILL

Photographs by Carroll Seghers II

High in the Mustangs, Models Leona Vernet and Jason Will alight from Cessna's new \$100 to be met by Rose Tree Ranch's Head Wrangler Buzz Cline. Her maize wool lined coat (\$120) by Aquascutum (Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Lord & Taylor), is worn with belted sweater (\$25) by Corrigan Lezur, Mr. John hat, Jason's Dacron-and-worsted gabardine suit (\$90) is worn with yellow shirt (\$8.50), Paisley tie (\$5), a silk pocket square (\$4), all Brooks Brothers. Hat is from Thomas Berg (\$15). These pictures were taken in Arizona, and most of the clothes on this and subsequent pages are at Goldwater's, Phoenix, in addition to the other stores named.



SPRING continued



Bell-bottom pants like a Mexican cowboy's and a lace-trimmed shirt are Peznan Jo Decker's design for cowgirls. Deborah Dixon wears complete outfit at Jbere Ranch in Tucson (\$50 pants, \$25 shirt, \$30 hat, \$45 Justin boots; all Neiman-Marcus).



Python, a contender for animal-print popularity, marks a silk-chiffon dress signalled to Sabina Canyon (\$125, Donald Brooks for Townley; Frederick & Nelson; Lord & Taylor). Jewelry from Seaman.

Yellow, a big color for spring, is worn by Frank Gerraty at Tucson Country Club. Crew-neck pullover is of Shetland (\$16.50, Brooks Bros.). Golf slacks are wash-and-wear blend of Vycron and cotton (\$12, Seven Seas; Wallack's). Champion glove (\$4), Elster hat (\$4).





Two vacationers combine Eastern-cut jackets with Western-cut pants on an Arizona ride. Deborah wears hunter's-pink leather jacket (\$80, Bonnie Cashen for Sills; Seks Fifth Ave., New York; Jax, Beverly Hills). Her ranch pants are corduroy (\$21.50, Miller's, New York). Frank's Skotland sport jacket is checked in tuxedo, gray and white (\$85, M. Sigel; Mark, Fore & Strike, Flarham Park, N.J.). Pants are whipcord (\$10.50, Levi Strauss).



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SPRING *continued*

From the air to overland

The coats below have a fine regard for spring's caprices. They are topecoat weight and water-repellent. Both can adapt to quick climatic changes: Jason's gabardine has a removable liner, Leone's corduroy trench coat is lined in green gingham check to match her gingham shirtwaist. These and the ranch-country clothes shown on the following pages are as useful outdoors as Studebaker's new Overlander, the camping truck shown on the next page.

A classic double-breasted corduroy trench coat (\$50) is lined to match smoked Swiss-gingham dress (\$28) by Bill Atkinson for Glen of Michigan (Harold's, Minneapolis; Kennebunk Shop, Tucson; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh). Briefcase is from Essey; shoes, Sandler of Boston. Jason's cotton gabardine topecoat (\$50, Loudon Weather-proofs) has Zelan finish, wool lining that buttons in. Ranch clothes are Levi Strauss, the hat, Stetson.





SPRING *continued*



1 At Tucson's 49ers Ranch, Leanne wears an Equestrian's tapered pants (\$79) and shirt (\$68) of chambray (Samuel Robert: J. Magnin & Co.; Neiman-Marcus; Neusteter's, Denver) with corral boots from Stewart's of Tucson.

2 Safari-cloth culotte (\$22.50), velvet pullover (\$12), Vigette shirt (\$14; all Abercrombie & Fitch) make up Suzy Ruel's riding outfit.



• Italian shooting coat (\$35, International Trends) is shown with special-order Stadelaker Overlander camping truck with twin bunks, stove, refrigerator, sink; top can be raised at one end for standing room (about \$2,000).

• Sullest (\$32.50, Philip Sills: Mark Cross) rides over Tim Seaton's seersucker shirt (Levi Strauss: Cowboy Shop, Denison, Texas).

• Plaid hacking jacket of brown-and-white cotton (\$35), silk polka-dot shirt (\$14), cotton gabardine frontier pants (\$16) are ranch attire for Leone (John Wenz for Nardis of Dallas: B. Altman & Co.). Silk scarf is from Far Eastern Jason's sport jacket (\$116) of iridescent gabardine with front paneling (Chester Barrie: Cavanaugh, New York) is worn over leather-piped linen vest (Philip Sills).

SPRING continued



For golfers—more room to swing

Freedom to swing, to follow through to the limit, is something golfers cherish. This spring they will have plenty of it, in a greater choice of clothing than ever before designed for golfers. Action details characterize every garment a golfer needs: jackets and shirts are cut with action backs and sleeves; new knitted shirts have nonbending sleeves. Rain jackets have insets of mesh and knit which not only add swinging room but also provide aeration for weather-resistant fabrics. Slacks and shorts are characterized by bellows pockets which accommodate a golfer's paraphernalia, including a removable madras pocket. The pullover sweater is replacing the long-favored cardigan, and for women there are blazer jackets to be worn, like men's, with silk foulard scarves.

1 Free-swinging Jill Hammond wears one-piece romper (\$9) under pleated middie kilt (\$12). Both by Florence Walsh (The Village Store, Michigan; Hahn & Co., Modelair and Newark). Golf shoes are from Foot-Joy.

2 Waiting out a shower, Jill wears poplin jacket with back of cotton knit (\$11), matching belton-pocketed shorts (\$7) and cotton-knit pullover (\$8), all by Cathina (Jordan-Marsh, Miami; May Co.-D & F., Denver). Suzy Rael wears a white poplin golf jacket (\$19) from Ernst Engel (Saks Fifth Avenue) under Uncle Sam golf umbrella.

3 Golf Pro Frank Gerrity's McGregor jacket (\$15) of Kodel-and-Tyrol blend shows stretch insert (Ginsels, New York).

4 Golfer Hammond swings in long-sleeve shirt of polka dot Dacron-and-cotton (\$12) and blue Bermudas (\$12). By Frank Smith for Masket (Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin, California and Seattle). Hat (\$5) at Abercrombie & Fitch; glove (\$3.25), Champion.

5 Suzy wears checked blazer (\$15), white shorts (\$9), knit shirt (\$7), all by Loomings (Joseph Magnin; Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.).

6 A University of Arizona golf champ, Tim Sezon, shows golf jacket of Kodel-and-Tyrol blend (\$15) by Robert Levin (Lord & Taylor Men's Shop), "Ban-Lou" golf shirt (\$9) by Puritan and checked golf slacks (\$15) of Dacron-cotton blend with hidden belton pockets and tuck-away foot loop in back by Hickok (Shillito's, Cincinnati).

7 Frank's Orion-and-rayon slacks (\$17) by Gordon-Ford have button-off pocket (John Berkley, Pittsburgh; Mark, Fore & Strike, Naples and Del Ray, Florida). Orion-cotton polo shirt (\$7) has new loose sleeve (Amko).



SPRING *continued*

Following the horses

It's on the springtime race track or polo field, as the season moves from south to north, that the spectator really feels the vagaries of this changeable time of year. Medium-weight fabrics are the answer, as shown here for men in a new sports jacket and modified Continental-cut suit. For women, the lightweight wool tweed or knit dress, newest in bare-arm, open-neckline styles with a companion topper, is a spring traveler's alternate to a city suit.



1 At a polo match at the Southern Arizona School for Boys, Susy Rael steps out of a Rolfs-Rayer in sleeveless wraparound dress of hand-woven wool faced (\$50) by Esther Larsen for Captain Paul (Captain Paul House, Poudre Center, Colo.). Her gloves are from Kipling, her diamond and ruby clips, Cartier.

2 The seller's window at Rollins Park Race Track in Tucson is where money goes west. The players are Jason Wall in jacket of medium-weight muted plaid (\$50) by Michaels-Stern (Lizman's, Portland). His hat is from Stetson (\$18). Frank Gerny's lightweight varnished flannel suit (\$175) is a one-button Hickey-Freeman variation of the Continental cut (Capper & Capper, Detroit; Kolmer-Marcus, New York). His hat, too, is Stetson (\$12).

3 Deborah Dixon goes to the races in a sleeveless sheath of leather-bound jersey (\$45) and waist topper (\$160) by Bonnie Caskin for Philip Sills (Bloomingdale's; Nan Daskin, Philadelphia; Himmelhoch Bros. & Co., Detroit). Her double-strap watch is from Ronay (\$13), her doekin gloves from Kipling.

4 A new Johnston & Murphy shoe (\$32) has laph ramp, is made of glove leather (Desmond's, Los Angeles; Whitehouse & Hardy).

5 In a perilous pose on the polo field, Susy shows a navy wool knit dress (\$35), a copy by Goldworm of a polo shirt, with inset bands of green and white (Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis; Lord & Taylor, New York). Her zippered pouch travel bag (\$40) is from Roger Van S; spectator pumps from Sandler of Boston; jewelry, Cartier; doekin gloves, Kipling.





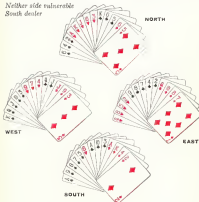
CHARLES GOREN / Cards

Double trouble

A LONG-STANDING ENGAGEMENT to lecture and play in a tournament at Wichita Falls, Texas, prevented my taking part in the Cavendish Club's annual invitation tournament in New York last month. The winners this year were my good friend and occasional teammate Bill Root and his partner Tobias Stone. Root's 6-foot 8-inch frame seems better suited to basketball than cards, but he is one of the best of the newer bridge stars.

Observers and players are still talking about the deal in which the defender had what looked like a sure set, with five spades to 100 honors behind the four-spade bid. Yet the spade game was brought home at nearly every table. Here is how the remarkable hand went:

*Neither side vulnerable
South dealer*



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	PASS	2♥	PASS
3♠	PASS	3♥	PASS
4♠	DOUBLE	PASS	PASS
PASS			

Opening lead: club queen

At several tables, the opening lead was the king of spades—a play which both revealed the had break in trumps and helped declarer to make his contract. But even without the help of that lead, the double had already alerted South to the likelihood that all five of the

missing trumps were behind him. Declarer had to find a way to make one of West's four apparent tricks disappear—and without the aid of legerdemain.

Here is how it was made against the queen of clubs opening.

Declarer won the first trick with the club ace and led another club to the king. When the jack appeared, it helped give South a count on West's hand. Dummy's ace and king of hearts were taken, and South discarded the good 10 of clubs! Next, he took the ace and king of diamonds and ruffed a diamond in dummy. A heart return was trumped by South. All this time, West had helplessly followed suit, and now the situation was:

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
♠ 6 4 ♥ 10 3 ♦ — ♣ 6	♠ — ♥ Q ♦ Q ♣ 9 8 7	♠ A 9 8 7 ♥ — ♦ 4 ♣ —	♠ K Q J 10 5 ♥ Q J ♦ — ♣ —

South led the 4 of diamonds. If West trumped low, dummy could overruff and South's spade ace would win declarer's 10th trick. So West had to trump with the spade 10. Now, in order to prevent South from winning the next trick with a low spade, West had to lead another honor. South won with the ace and remained with the 9-8-7 against West's Q-J-3. West got two more tricks, but South made his contract.

It frequently happens that a penalty double gives away the location of the high cards and enables declarer to bring home a contract he might otherwise have lost. Only one West player was able to restrain the impulse to double four spades. He kept quiet, not because he feared that this contract could be made, but because he did not want to drive the opponents to a better spot. As a result, he gave himself the best chance to defeat the contract.

Harold Ogust was the declarer who played the hand with no doubt to guide him. He could not foresee that trumps would be bunched against him, but he did make a safety play against a 4-1 break. His first lead after winning the ace of clubs was the spade 9. West won the 10 and could have defeated the contract by leading back a trump honor, but he returned the jack of clubs.

EXTRA TRICK

Sometimes the only way to gain a trick is to throw a good card away. In this deal, if South had saved his good 10 of clubs he would have lost his contract.

END



The Inalienable Dog

The state of Missouri ponders the question, 'Just what is a licensed dog licensed to do?'

by GERALD HOLLAND

PEOPLE are licensed to do an endless variety of things: practice law and medicine, hunt, fish, fly, sell merchandise from pushcarts, cut hair, extract teeth, bend bar, put on a striptease. Moving over into the animal world, horses are licensed to race, in a manner of speaking. They must be registered with The Jockey Club. Cats are not licensed. Dogs are.

As a matter of fact, there are approximately 6,579,000 licensed dogs in the U.S. Now, in the case of people and race horses, the license carries with it the right to do certain specific things. But has anybody ever bothered to ask precisely what rights the licensed dog has?

Curiously enough, somebody did ask, long ago. He was Clyde Middleton of Maryville, Mo., and he directed his question to the then governor of the state, Henry S. Caulfield. Mr. Middleton wrote:

"I am writing you to find out where

a dog license is any protection to a dog. If not, where is the use of paying out that money? The Mayor here says that a license does not protect the dog in the least, that if it leaves home, the officer has the right to kill it. Will you please let me know where a license does protect the dog and does it have a right away from home, either day or night?"

Governor Caulfield, a thoughtful man, did not take the appeal from Mr. Middleton lightly. Instead, he assigned my brother Joseph F. Holland, an assistant attorney general of the state, to go into the matter thoroughly and give him an opinion that might live, in Missouri at any rate, as a sort of Magna Carta of the dog. Holland's opinion follows:

"The State of Missouri [he began] devotes an entire chapter of the Revised Statutes of 1919 to 'Dogs.' It solemnly assures us that 'a dog shall be held and construed to mean all animals of the canine species whether male or female.' From that simple pronouncement evolves a widening circle of state and municipal legislation that weaves about every canine who after nine days of darkness

continued



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INALIENABLE DOG continued

opens his eyes upon the sturdy mountains and verdant rolling plains of our great state.

"In the all-inclusive fold above outlined, we find the aristocracy and the serfdom of the dog. It includes the snobbish Pomeranians, curled in sweet contentment upon the social dowager's lap; it embraces the rugged, stately and commanding St. Bernard; the fine-limbed, alert, aggressive police dog; and, last we stoop to sacrilegious forgetfulness, it comprehends also the old 'hoon' dawg' of Missouri tradition.

"Mr. Middleton, somewhere between these vast extremes there stands your dog, a lonely figure in this towering controversy that has already whisked into its maelstrom the Governor of your state, the Mayor of your city. . . .

"This framework lays the foundation for us to repeat the position your dog or any of his species holds in our complex social scheme.

"First, let us consider your dog as he is, a legal entity. He is your personal property. The courts have so declared. The sparkling Kohinoor diamond; the vast array of furniture under which the *Mogloover* struggled to these shores; the antiques of the Napoleonic period; the tapestries of the Hapsburgs of other days—he is as they are—personal property; only that and nothing more.

"The state, with its inherent right to tax, has made its levy upon all of these. They have no privileges but to be. They exist, and because they do, the state exacts its due.

"The right to tax a dog, basically, is as old as tax itself. It is no sentimental thing. The state does not envision the high intelligence of your dog's searching eyes; it is denied the thrill you have in the furious greeting of its wagging tail; it does not comprehend the fond and loving joyfulness of his welcome. To the state your dog is just a chattel. He is, and because he is, you must pay tribute for the pleasure that ownership gives you in any personal property.

"However, taxing a dog is a municipal function. As this great century dawned, the great state of Kentucky, which had theretofore enshrined and ennobled the horse, declared in 1901 that a tax on dogs was a valid exercise of the police power to regulate the ownership and keeping of dogs.

"Six years sped by. And then the state of California, land of sunset and of census, rushed in to say that taxing dogs was not inconsistent with the right of cities to license any kind of business not prohibited by law. It declared in solemn mandate that the levy of the tax need not be made at any day certain, nor would it be void for failure to do this. The thought persists that it granted that the dog at no time planned or sought to evade the tax and that, when the bright and shining disc of license was placed upon his collar, he was no whit the wiser nor any whit the happier.

"Thus far, everything has been against the dog. The drone of constant tax has been about his ears. But then came New York, with the first step in his behalf. It said in one sweet dulcet tone that he was entitled to broader rights, greater protection and professional care and then—in a deep and strident crescendo—roared out its declaration that he still must bow beneath the weight of tax—even as you and I.

"It said briefly that a tax on dogs



might be levied, and then diverted to a specially incorporated humane society where the funds thus obtained would be deployed over the army of less fortunate and untaxed dogs.

"The world waited for Missouri. The tax and the care of dogs had been adjudicated. What of his life?

"Missouri held, under the spell of Christmas in 1924, that, if a man shot a dog maliciously, he must pay his owner twice his value; if he shot him, but without malice, then his actual value. The presumption lies that, if he shot him in any other mental attitude, it was too bad for the dog and owner, too.

"This brings us to what your dog may do under the license granted by your city. The state, you know, has passed the privilege on to your city, and this matter really is between you and your home town.

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INALIENABLE DOG continued

"The license protects your dog in the right to be just what he is, your dog. If you were to refuse to pay taxes upon your house, the state might sell it; if you refused to pay taxes upon your income to the state or Federal Government, you might be fined or imprisoned. So with your dog. The license means only that you have paid the state its tribute for ownership of property and earned the right to the companionship of man's noblest friend. As for the dog, the license fee is nothing more than a simple occupational tax; his simple occupation is to be a dog.

"You ask, Mr. Middleton, 'does it have a right to stay away from home, either day or night?'"

UNGRATEFUL DOC

"There comes the saddest phase of all this case. It summons up the thought of unrequited love. Why should a dog, with a master so tender of his interest that he invokes the intervention of the Governor himself, desire to be away from home, either day or night? The question is one of canine fickleness that defies the research of the legal huntsman. It lies entrenched within the realm of the psychologist.

"His right to be away from home, legally, lies in whether he is muzzled or on leash in accordance with municipal regulations. He must be kept by you at all times where a striking fancy or passing whim would not permit him to do harm to others.

"This is not harsh, and yet the mandate is final and unyielding. Remember the same sovereignty that cries out its warning to your dog in another moment thrusts a millionaire behind the bars."

"Thus a license is the state's approval of your right to hold property. The city must tell you how to tie him up and hedge him in. The mayor is right; long live the mayor."

"Some comfort there should be. As with you."

"When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wing and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens."

"Senator Vest [of Missouri] said that. I repeat it. You and everyone will grant it. A license is your dog's only due. Give it to him and be content."

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YOU CAN CONSIDER

That's what St. Louis Manager Solly Hemus said (often) at the 1959 training camp. In a rare insider's diary of camp life, Pitcher Jim Brosnan (now with the Redlegs) tells what Solly meant

by JIM BROSAN

FOR ME the official National League season opened on January 10, in Chicago. I was still working at the Meyerhoff advertising agency, and called home to see if there were enough olives for the Martini hour. My wife said, "The contract came. Guess how much?"

We had been looking for the contract in the mail each day. We had talked about it for six months. I'd won twice as many games as I'd ever won before in one year in the majors,

and I'd saved seven more games in relief. The only question in my mind was how much of a raise I'd get.

I cut out from the agency in time to get the first commuter train home. She greeted me with her fighting smile, and handed me the registered letter from Bing Devine, the Cardinal general manager. Devine had written: "Please find enclosed your St. Louis contract calling for salary of \$16,000. If this is satisfactory, return to me as soon as possible."

Hanging my coat and hat in the closet, I took the Martini she held out to me and gulped down the olive that had risen in my craw.

"You aren't thinking of signing that, are you?" she asked.

"Good God, Anne, I'm no better off after a good year than I was the year I got out of the Army!" I said. "This doesn't mean a thing! A thousand-dollar raise! He'll spend that much on phone calls before the season starts! Maybe he's trying to test my sense of humor."

I had been tempted to ask for \$25,000! I boiled over for one full page at my typewriter. "How insulting can you get?" I wrote. "Here I proved I could do a job for you, and you throw me a bone." Then, yanking these unavailable comments from the type-

DOMESTIC FELICITY in abundance is displayed by Brosnan during holdout, as he waits bravely with his wife Anne and their

two children for the Cardinals' management to reward virtue, good pitching and a modest \$20,000-a-year goal in life.



IT CAME FROM ME

writer, I paused to regroup forces. I sat in my half-paid-for lounge chair in our heavily mortgaged home, with the Chicago winter running the fuel bill into five figures. Spring training would start February 20 . . . see gulls, palm trees, fishing boats lazing on the blue Gulf. I needed a plan.

"The first principle of contract negotiation," said Musial one day, "is don't remind 'em of what you did in the past; tell them what you're going to do in the future." I decided to duel with Devine by air-mail letters. His first move was obviously a feint. A \$1,000 raise was ridiculous. My counteroffer would be equally unrealistic. "Perhaps you would reconsider," I wrote, "on the basis of assurance on my part to do as well as I did last year. If my record is as good as it looks, any improvement would obviously be worth twice your offer."

Three weeks went by, and not a word from St. Louis. "Let's pack up and go to Staunton," I suggested. "We'll visit with your father. Then, if Devine and I ever do get together, I'll have a running start to St. Pete."

I called Devine to let him know where I'd be. "I'll be in Staunton, Virginia," I told him. "You can reach me at Colonel S. S. Pitcher's home. He's a mathematics professor and loves to help figure out problems."

If Devine had me on the run, I'd let him chase me a little anyway.

He apologized most graciously for not getting in touch, engulfing me in a burst of warm wishes that we could really get together for a long talk. "There are three elements that affect a ball club's basic salary budget for players," he said, "the statistics of the player's performance the preceding year; the player's future—how long can he be expected to last; the ball club's position in the standings."

By those standards, who would get a raise? This argument, in expert hands, would obviously reduce all the Cardinals to beggary. "Bang," I interrupted, "we're not arguing about last year. Let's stick with next season,

O.K.? Now, \$20,000 is a symbol of success with me. When I first started playing pro ball I was making \$125 a month. My goal became symbolized by that \$20,000 per year. Without straining credulity too much, you might say I'm close to realizing that goal. I don't feel that I should compromise at this time."



ORDAIN for Brossan's plea seems written on features of Cards' tough Bing Devine.

"Life is a series of compromises," he opined. "I'd like to be making as much as I think I deserve, too."

The Shenandoah Valley glowed hospitably under a pre-spring sephyr. Soft showers stirred the apple-blossom buds. I savored some of the best freeloaded in baseball. I was sipping some when the last offer came. "This is the best I can do," Devine said. "We've talked security, pennant, high cost of living, financial goals in life, prospective parenthood. Now

let's get serious," he said, slowly and distinctly and finally.

"Give me five hundred more and I'll settle," I said.

"Why argue about \$500?" he said.

FEBRUARY 19: The day we arrived in St. Petersburg, newspapers described the holdouts on the Cardinal club. Vinegar Bend Mizell's reaction was that of any shrewd, hard-nosed Alabama farmer who always got plenty of peanuts for his peanuts, and why shouldn't the subsidy remain the same? If the farmer has a bad year on the farm nowadays the Government still supports him in the style to which he has become accustomed. "It's a matter of principle!" cried Wilmer.

"We're still pretty far apart," said Devine.

"You can't win," said Larry Jackson, as Wilmer signed just one day before we opened.

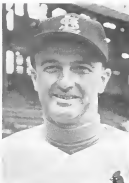
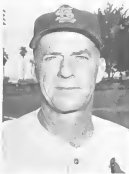
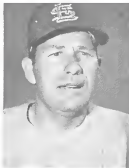
FEBRUARY 20: From our rented beach house at Indian Rocks I drove to Al Lang Field in St. Petersburg. The first workout was scheduled for 10 o'clock. The clubhouse was filled by 9, and we sat around for an hour, anxious to go. August Busch Jr., the owner of the Cardinals, sat in the background, smoking a pipe. Solly Hemus, the new manager, was understandably nervous. Spring training has a convocation ceremony that follows strict patterns all over the baseball world. Manager speaks: "Wanna welcome all you new fellows; wanna impress on you that you each got a chance to make this ball club. We got a big job to do, and with a couple breaks I think we can win the pennant. These are my coaches; what they say you can consider it came from me."

Solly quickly, and wisely, turned the floor over to Howard Pollet, the pitching coach, a quiet, soft-spoken gentleman. He echoed Hemus' remarks about each pitcher having a chance to win a job. And he reminded the pitchers that they were not going

continued

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Now 30, James Brossan broke into the majors with the Cubs in 1954 (and into print in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, July 24, 1956), last year won nine and lost six with the Cards before he was traded to the Redlegs. This account of the Cardinals' 1959 spring training will form part of his forthcoming book, *The Long Season*, which will be published this summer by Harper & Brothers.



TRIO of stern taskmasters, Solly Hemus (top), Coaches Johnny Keane (center) and Howie Pullet, gave Brownman plenty to write about—including dubious instructions on changing second basemen to break up double play (see page 69).

SPRING TRAINING DIARY *continued*

to impress him by throwing hard during the first three days: "All you'll do is hurt your arms and make it harder on everybody. Just be patient and we'll give you a chance to show us what you can do."

Sitting in front of me and spitting tobacco juice into the sandbox was Marv Grissom. I nudged him and asked for a chew as Johnny Keane and Harry Walker, two other coaches, spoke a few words. They had both managed for years in the minor leagues, and since Solly had already used the traditional manager's speech they had nothing much to say. Solly brought it all to a close. He said, "Let's go get 'em!" We charged out of the clubhouse into the sun.

FEBRUARY 24: I was reading the stock-market quotations before the workout when Sal Maglie arrived. He walked down the aisle between the lockers, carrying his duffel bag and shaking hands right and left. The sight of Maglie sidling toward me was worth a fanfare. Sal isn't a pleasant-looking man—he looks like an ad for the Mafia, in fact—but he has a nature that transforms his face in the light of any friendships. If he feels that his troubles also trouble you, he will even listen to you tell them. "Hey, veteran right-hander," I called, "is everything all right?"

"Well, I tell you, driving down here from Clearwater," he said, loosening an impeccably tasteful tie, "that's where I'm staying, with a friend there, I felt my back going stiff on me. Feels like pleurisy, or something. I'm going to talk to Solly about running too much today. How's everything with you, Professor?"

"Sal," I said, "Grissom was right. He said that you and he got it made down here. Train on your own, and all that. Like, you reach 40, and you tell them how much you run. Is that right?"

"Well, Grissom's a lot older than me, you know," said Maglie, referring apparently to the number of hours separating their respective 41st birthdays. "What he says about training wouldn't apply to me too much. He still throws just as hard as he did when Ty Cobb was breaking into O.B. Whaddya say, Griss?"

"Any lie this guy tells I can double," he said, pumping Maglie's hand. The contrast between Grissom's huge,

fast-balling meathook and Sal's alim-fingered curve-ball claw pinched my memory. Many suns had set on pitchers' duels that featured Maglie and Grissom. Finesse and Power. With so many young prospects cluttering up the place, these two old gentlemen would add some much-needed balance to the clubhouse picture. There's something to be said for a few lea-hungry faces staring at you, avid to take your job away.

MARCH 1: "How can you expect me to run with a foot like that, Doc? Look at the length of those nails, and that little blister there. No, no, next to that soft corn. Could you fix me up in time for the workout, Doc? Ordinary man would be in the hospital."

Doc Bauman's eyes were getting pouchy. During the latest clubhouse convocation he said, "I'll be here from 7 in the morning, and I'll be here as late as you want me."

Augie Busch cheered this loyal devotion to the Cardinal cause. He praised the speechmaking of Hemus, Devine and Bauman. "Anheuser-Busch must get back up on top again!" he cried. "The Cardinals give us a great deal of pleasure when we win, and they cause plenty of cussing and crying when you lose."

Verbal instruction was the first order of the day. Johnny Keane and Hemus ("What I say you can consider as coming from him," said Solly) and fifty players gathered at the mound. Keane raised his fungo bat (all coaches religiously carry fungo bats in the spring to ward off suggestions that they aren't working), cleared his throat and said, "Today we are going to teach you how to run bases."

Since we presumably knew how to get on base, How to Run Bases was the logical sequel.

"Fundamentals are important," said Keane. "Without fundamentals you can't get to first base in this game. We're going to go over things that you should know, because I . . . and Solly would have, too . . . learned more coaching runners than we—or rather I—ever learned running. . . ."

Hemus interrupted to say that he had never been a coach, but that whatever Keane said you could consider came from him—Solly. "And be aggressive on those bases, whatever John has to say," he added. "Go ahead, John."

continued

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Keane pounded a point into the dirt in front of the mound with his fungo bat. "Don't keep your eyes on the ball, boys."

My ears pointed, twanged and came to attention. Don't keep your eyes on the ball! Why, for 12 years I'd been warned that bodily harm was imminent for the ballplayer who didn't keep his eye glued to the ball, be it thrown, batted or lying in the outfield grass.

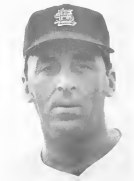
The suddenly awakened players gathered more closely around the heretical coach. "What I mean is," said Keane, pleased with the attention he was finally receiving, "don't watch the ball after you hit. Just watch it till it hits the bat, then forget it. The bat will do the rest. Your job is to get out of the batter's box and down to first base as fast as you can. You might even get to second base if the ball actually is a base hit. And let me point out something right now, that it isn't the beautiful slide into second or your blazing speed going from first to second that turns a single into a double and gives you that extra base any time. No, sir! Believe me, I've seen it a thousand times. If you can just concentrate on running as soon as you hit the ball you can get all the extra jump you need in the first four steps you take away from the plate. By the time you get 12 feet up the line to first you should be going as fast as you can go, and don't stop till you have to. Round that bag."

"Now, we got you on first base and we tell you, 'One man out.' Please nod your head or something. We know that you know there is only one out, but we want to be sure. We want you to be friendly with us, and talk to us down at first. So when we say, 'One man out' it is our little way of getting to know you better."

"You're on first base now, and the next hitter hits a ball in the air between the outfielders. We don't want you to stand halfway down to second, admiring the scenery and waiting until the outfielder catches the ball. We want you down at second ready to tag that bag when he drops the ball or can't get to it. It would be smart, boys, to know what the outfielder's name is, and how well he throws the ball from the outfield, and even what he eats for breakfast, and how much he had to drink the night before, be-

cause if he can't get the good jump on the ball the next day you can take that extra base on him every time and that is what wins ball games, boys. This is your business, boys, and instead of studying the stock market you ought to be studying the fielding statistics of the outfielder who might not be able to throw you out if only you knew he had a bad arm."

Hermes broke in with, "And you don't have to wait till the outfielder catches the ball before you tag up. Cheat a little bit, especially at first and second when you're going to tag



VETERAN RIGHT-HANDER was semi-respectful name given Maghe in bullpen banter.

up after a fly ball. They'll never call it on you, so just before the ball hits the outfielder's glove, make your break and take off running."

"And another thing. When you're on first and the next guy hits a ground ball, there's only one thing you should have on your mind. Knock that shortstop or second baseman down. Don't let him make a double play. He's only 90 feet away and he has to catch the ball, tag second and worry about you hitting him, and he might not even make that play. When you slide into second keep that front foot up in the air. You don't have to cut him, mind you, but sometimes that's the way it goes. Your job is to break up the double play."

MARCH 5: Why can't pitchers hit? Because I've blushed in answering that question too many times in the

past 10 years, I find myself taking it seriously. I can answer, as I often have, "We don't get the necessary practice" or, "Pitchers hear down harder on other pitchers" or, "Who says I can't?" but serious meditation has led me to the galling conclusion that the answer lies not within me at all. Nor within the subjective conscience of any nonhitting pitcher. If you don't hit, you can't hit, probably. Good God, it might really be true!

Shaken by this horrible possibility, I rushed out to right field, seeking the truth. At Al Lang Field in St. Petersburg there is a plot of ground 75 feet long, 15 feet wide, completely enclosed by a mesh of three-ply cord. At one end of this cage stands a pitching machine roughly the height of Whitey Ford, with flat tires, guts of iron and a motor in its rear. This is Iron Mike, and he throws baseballs in the general direction of the plate 60 feet away, much as a flesh-and-blood pitcher does.

The only human element in this training procedure is Paul Waner, an ex-wizard at hitting major league pitching, and the object of my search for an authoritative opinion on the question: Can Pitchers Hit or Not?

"Why not?" said Paul. "Let me see you swing a bat."

Waner looks like a bearded gnome, the figment of a wild Irish imagination. At his best playing weight, 140 pounds, he could have passed for an ex-jockey siddling up to tout a favorite horse. Yet Fred Fitzsimmons, the pitching coach when I was with the Cubs, said Waner hit the ball through the box harder than any other hitter that Fitz faced in the major leagues.

"Frankly, Paul," I said, as Waner racked up a dozen balls in the pitching machine, "if you can make a hitter out of me, you're worth more money—both you and Iron Mike."

"Let's see you hit a few first, then I'll see if I can help you." Waner waved me to the other end of the cage and plugged in his pitcher. For the next few minutes the only sounds to be heard were the hum of the electric motor, the swish of my bat and occasionally a few plops and plinks as the ball and bat connected haphazardly.

"You're lounging at the ball," said Paul.

Perhaps he meant lunging. But then I might just as well have been

continued

lying on a chaise longue, criticizing Iron Mike's control.

"The first thing you have to try to do," said Paul, "is belly-button. Then you've got to really block when you block. You're hitting the bottom half of the ball and you should be trying to hit the top half. You got to wait for the ball to get right up to the plate and you got to pop those wrists when you swing. You're not doing any of those things. That's why you're lounging at the ball."

Some of Iron Mike's pitches were going over my head as well as over the plate. "Now we'll take up breathing," Paul added, "as soon as I fix this thing."

Breathing I was relatively familiar with, so I decided to go along with the rest, and resumed my position at the plate while Paul worked on Iron Mike with a pair of pliers. "Now, wait for that ball to get right over the plate," he said. "Then belly-button. Get your stomach out in front as fast as you can, and that means you can't step first, then turn. It's all one movement. Snap your hips around and the bat will follow up naturally."

The crack of the wood sounded so good that I thought my hip must

have popped out of place. The ball whistled past Iron Mike. It got no reaction from the machine. But it pleased Paul, who said, "That's what you call 'belly button.'"

"I guess I never could stomach those pitches before, Paul," I said happily.

My pun whistled by his ears, and he proceeded. The next pitch was at my head. Iron Mike hasn't much of a sense of humor either. "When you swing at the ball," Wamer went on, "try hitting down on the ball, right through it, like. When you hit the top half of the ball, she'll rip through the infield like a scared rabbit. You won't be popping the ball up, or hitting those easy fly balls."

"I thought a batter was supposed to keep the bat level when he swings, Paul."

"Well, that's what they say, because that's what it looks like, but it's just an optical illusion. What you do is roll your wrists so you can cut into the top of the ball, so you can't have the bat level, really. When you see the ball right there"—he pointed to a spot two feet in front of him, belt high, just ahead of his front hip—"you move. Slack that hip, snap that belly button around, cut down on the top of the ball, and watch her go."

I said the timing was the tough part, waiting for the ball till it got 'right there.'

"Take a deep breath just before the pitch starts coming," said Wamer. "Then hold your breath till you start to swing. That makes you relax and wait."

I had visions of myself turning blue in the face waiting for a slow curve. I couldn't quite get used to the idea that I should try to hit just part of the ball. It had always been hard enough to see all of the damn thing and to hit any part of it. We gathered the balls from all over the cage, and racked them up for another session. My hands were forming tiny blood blisters as I swung my Wally Moon model at Iron Mike's pitching. But all I could think about was the way the balls sounded when I hit them. A pitcher learns to tell by the sound whether or not a ball is well hit. On the mound you quickly put the three sensations of sight, feel and hearing together, and you know for sure that the ball is gone, man, gone. You watch your pitch go just where you didn't want to throw it, with not quite as much stuff on it as you wish, and . . . ! What a vicious sound a line drive makes.

Why Can't Pitchers Hit?

Just call me tiger, Dad.

MARCH 9: Hemus called a meeting for the last workout before the start of the exhibition season. "We're going to use the same signs in these games as we will all year," he said, "so let's pay attention." He turned to Johnny Keane. "John?"

Keane jumped onto a bat trunk, waving his ever-present fungo stick for quiet. "These are the signs we're gonna give from third base," he said. "Solly will be on the bench." He waved his bat, relegating Hemus forever to the dugout. "You pitchers get together with the catchers later and work out your own signs. These are just for hitters, and we don't want anybody missing signs cause it just messes up everybody, including the guy who messes it up. Now, then, we're gonna have an indicator, signs for bunting, taking and hit-and-run. We're gonna have a take-off sign, and a sign for the squeeze play."

"The most important is the indicator. When I rub my hand over the cardinal on my shirt, that means a sign is on. You see me rub the bird, and you watch my right hand,



ONETIME WIZARD Paul Wamer tried to improve Brosnan's batting with the assistance of Iron Mike, a mechanical pitcher with iron guts. Jim found he was a "tiger."



TOLD TO CHARGE SECOND BASE, BROSNAN (RIGHT) OVERDOES IT SLIGHTLY BY BUMPING HEADS WITH REDLEG'S JOHNNY TEMPLE

my right hand only. Forget I got a left hand. With my right hand I'm gonna touch some part of my uniform or body. One touch—it might be my cap, or neck, or pants, or sleeve—one touch and you're taking. Two touches and you're bunting. Three touches, hit-and-run on that pitch cause the runner is going. Those are the three signs you gotta look for when you go up to hit.

"Now, when you're at the plate, look down at me at every pitch. Maybe I don't wanna give you a sign, but I may be pulling at my pants leg, or rubbing my ear, or tugging at my cap, anyway. They will be looking at me, too, trying to steal the signs, so I'll be trying to confuse them by doing the same things when I'm not giving a sign as I do when I am. Get me? Only when you see me hit that bird do you know something's on. And when I give you the indicator, count the number of touches that follow. Maybe I'll give you more than three signs! Maybe I'll give you four or five! I'm just doing that as a decoy, in case they start to pick something up, or we suspect they might. It only means something if I use one, two or three touches after the indicator."

Keane made the earnest manner of a second lieutenant outlining the intricacies of an espionage detail. All major league clubs use indicators, decoys and signs for everything except nose-blowing. Yet, 90% of the time the situation determines the strategy, and an experienced player knows who will hunt or when the batter is taking.

"The steal sign," Keane went on, "will be given to the runner only after the batter gets the take. We don't want you hitting when that runner is trying to steal. If we did, we'd give the hit-and-run. The steal sign is either hand gripping the opposite elbow. It's a figure 4, and that's for stealing!"

He grinned. Nobody seemed to get it. "Let's not be missing the steal sign. We're gonna run a lot this year cause we've got a running club. That right, Solly?"

Hemus nodded. "Whatever John says you can consider it came from me."

"Now, there's the squeeze," Keane went on. "We have just one squeeze play. Suicide! You gotta bunt the ball! So you gotta know the play's on, and we gotta know you know it. So, with a man on third base, I rub across the bird and touch my pants leg. One touch after the indicator! You're bunting! You answer me, telling me you got the sign by showing me the palm of your hand. Don't wave your hand at me. Pick up some dirt, look the other way and rub the back of your hand across your back pocket. Then I see your palm and I know you got the squeeze."

"Now I yell to the runner on third, 'Make the ball go through!' And that's the sign to him that he's going in on the next pitch. Get that, you runners? If the batter answers the sign by showing you the palm of his hand you still gotta wait for me to say, 'Make the ball go through!'"

Keane cupped his hands to his mouth as he described what he would

do during a squeeze play. His fungo bat slipped to the floor. Its clutter echoed in the tense silence. The squeeze play commands breathless attention from ballplayers. Actually, major league clubs don't use it 20 times a year, and it works only half the time.

MARCH 25: Sal Maglie has gone down the drain. Some days I can remember clearly everything that happened. Some days in baseball are not easily forgotten. Some days I'm certain I'm not losing my memory at all, just some friends. Baseball friendships are mostly transient affairs; ballplayers come and go. You don't know from year to year whether you'll be congratulating a man for hitting a home run or knocking him down with a fast ball so he won't. In spring training you see them leaving every day.

This day is one I remember clearly. Pollet had decided to permit his pitchers to throw 75 pitches before he took them out. Maglie was the second pitcher of the day. The pitchers who weren't working in the game had to run for 30 minutes. By 12:30 one workout was over. The pitchers who weren't working staggered into the clubhouse and sat, sopping wet, in front of their lockers.

Maglie, sipping soap from a paper cup, sat on the rubbing table, agitating each player as he went by. "Atta way, boys, sweat it out," he said. "Best way to get in shape. Right, Doc?"

Doc Bauman laughed.

"How is hell you gonna get in

continued

shape then, Sal?" yelled Broglio, mopping his face with a towel.

"Kid, I've run more miles in this game than you've thrown strikes." Maglie tossed the soup cup away and picked up his glove.

"Hey, veteran right-hander, are you pitching today?" I asked. "If you are I'm not going swimming. I'm going to put my uniform back on and watch from the bench. Because you are such a wonderful example to us young pitchers."

"Maybe you ought to try learning something instead of poppin' off, young man," Maglie said. He walked out of the clubhouse as the loud-speaker started to blare out the line-ups. As the second pitcher of the day, he had to sit in the hulkpen until the sixth or seventh inning. I showered, put on a dry uniform, drank a cup of soup, took a pack of gum and a bag of chewing tobacco from the trunk, rolled up my sleeves to get a suntan on my biceps and joined Sal in the pen. Grissom was there. We decided to agitate Maglie, since this was the first time he'd be pitching in a game all spring. "Veteran right-hander, I was beginning to think you were down here just to pitch batting practice," I said.

"It takes a while," he said. "My back's been a little sore, and my arm's just getting to feel good now. I'm a little bit older than you, y'know, Broz."

"You're a little bit older than everybody, Maglie," said Grissom. "They're making me stay out here today just in case you get in trouble and I have to come bail you out. And I could be fishin', too."

"Could be worse, old man," said Sal. "You don't have to walk so far to get me as you did at the Polo Grounds. Who the hell you callin' old, anyway? That number on your back is damn near right. Forty-two. No, that's shy a year."

Pollet cut the comedy, asking, "Sal, how long you need? He's going two more innings."

We scored two runs in our half and led the Phillies by three in the seventh as Maglie stripped off his windbreaker and said to the catcher, "Let's go, son, gotta warm up my little dab. Shut up, Grissom."

I walked up to the dugout for a drink of water, and sat next to the fountain where I was almost in

line with the mound and home plate.

Sal got a big hand when his name was announced as the pitcher. But he was hanging his curve. Two men were out when Ed Bouchee hit one over the center-field fence. After a walk and a single Maglie got them out, but he looked like he'd already pitched seven innings himself, and the tension of tightly strung nerves was showing.

"Can't get my rhythm," he said on the bench. "I'm wild high, can't get my breaking stuff where I want." Little balls of sweat popped and ran down the hollowed cheeks of his unshaven face.

When a pitcher starts doubting his own stuff he prays for an easy inning. He needs one. But there was no easy inning left for Sal. He was trying, mixing his stuff—a curve, then a wasted fast ball, a slider on the hands, or a slow curve for a strike, a hrush back and a change of pace. But they were hitting the strikes as if they knew what was coming, and Philadelphia quickly loaded the bases.

Dave Philley was announced as a pinch hitter.

"Come on, big man," I yelled.

As I say, some days I can remember clearly everything that happened. Some days in baseball are not easy to forget. But this particular day ended right there in my mind, with one pitch that stopped the clock. "Make that a good pitch there, now," I said to myself. But Sal didn't make it. Maybe he couldn't do it. Maybe he was too old. It was high, and Philley hit it over the right-field fence to knock Maglie out of the box, bent us a ball game and crush any hope that Sal might be helpful that season.

"I had him set up all right for my pitch," Sal said as we walked to the parking lot together. "I meant to get the slider in on his hands. You know what I mean? I just didn't get it in there, and . . . you gotta jam him. You know that."

He climbed into his big, spotless Cadillac. "I need more work," he said. "I have to be sharper than that. Think I'll ask Solly if I can pitch some batting practice tomorrow."

APRIL 3: Slowly swelling waves of the Gulf lapped softly at the sand on the morning of our last day in Florida. I carried all but one of the deck chairs from the patio to the porch, stacking them next to the door and

just a few feet away from my own luggage. The big house was empty. My kids were gone, my car was gone. Anne was on the road again. Wife! You should have married an Army man, like the Colonel planned. "But I didn't like the thought of all that moving from one place to another," she said.

I walked through the house, upstairs and down. The dresser drawers were empty, the closets were clean, the kitchen cabinets were bare. In the refrigerator I found two cans of beer and a half-empty jar of pimento.

Taking a can opener from my shaving kit, I walked out on the beach, picking up the last beach chair. Plunging the chair legs into the sand, I sat back, happy with the immediate moment, regretting the soon-to-be-remembered spring training, apprehensive about the future season. It had been a cold winter in the North. St. Louis was north. I could feel the cold already.

The St. Petersburg Times said: "Fair and warmer. . . ." Already the morning sun was making my beer can sweat. I picked up a razor blade to cut out the sports page headline: BROGIAN, MIZELL, HAL SMITH BRIGHT-EST FOR CARDS.

"We'll win more than we did down here," Hemus had said. "It rained a lot. But it wasn't the fault of the weather. Everybody is in pretty good shape, and we've had some pleasant surprises."

An uneasy feeling gnawed at the pride I felt from reading the headline. Everything had gone well this spring. Physically I had been loose and healthy. Mentally I had been content. My mistakes hadn't cost me—those sliders that hung; most of them had been popped up in the air. Could it be that I had been granted custody of the Golden Arm?

"This is the time of the year we can afford to experiment," Hemus had said, "and make mistakes. We're in a little slump now as far as runs are concerned. But we'll come out of it. And what better time than now!"

What better time, indeed, to drain the last suds from a can of beer and throw the can into the waves! Give that Budweiser a good start and it may go all the way. I watched the sun gleam on the surface of the water-tossed can, until a car horn beeped a summons. Then I gathered my luggage, locked the doors and headed North to open the season. **END**

19TH HOLE *The readers take over*

WESTERN PROTOCOL

Sirs:

Dorothea Walker is a woman who is respected here only for her knowledge of protocol. Her lack of sophistication in other areas has appalled Renoites for months, and the incredible naivete of her comments about Nevada in Mary Hamman's article (*White Tie at Spouse Valley*, SI, Feb. 22) has turned polite onlookers to loud laughter.

Example: her vision of the magenta dinner jacket and girls practically naked at 11 a.m. in Reno is just that.

Also, although she expresses great concern over the crude manners, upbringing and general gauche western behavior of Renoites, it is these people—Reno society—who have been given the full burden of officially welcoming and entertaining foreign visitors. True, Mrs. Walker is used as a protocol checkpoint (which side of the car does a maharaja enter?) in about the same way the IBM RAMAC 305 at Squaw Valley is used to get a biopense on an athlete. But the hunt of the business has been left to people who she indicates are all descendants of Tom Mix or Tarzan.

Most revealing of all is her shock over western cowboy (not Indian) costumes at Governor Sawyer's party. Dress western clothes are common here and no more gauche or insulting to foreigners than their native costumes are to us.

Reno society is a pretty impressive lot to anyone who really knows anything about society. They have given a great deal of time to entertaining foreign dignitaries in their homes during these Olympics and have done it as well as anyone could. However, they have not done it on the basis of the phony snobbery which seems to have characterized the administrative setup of these Olympics.

GUY SHIPER JR.

Reno

THE POET: SOMETHING LIKE POETRY

Sirs:

Your piece on my friend Marianne Moore (*The Poet, the Bums and the Legendary Red Men*, SI, Feb. 15) is delightful.

Many a magazine has given as long essays on her "metrics"—but Robert Cantwell has captured the real person. Nothing sums her up better than your statement, "There is a profound unawareness of the impression that she makes on other people... one of the most delightful personalities in the history of American literature."

It would amuse you to know, I think, that, talking to her on the telephone, I spoke of this so true tribute. And she seemed scarcely to have noticed it—being more taken up with the Dodgers and your

exciting account of Carlisle. And anybody else would have cut it out, framed it in gilt and hung it over the bed! Well, she knows about it now—and said, in her modest way, that she was "most grateful."

As I am too, for the pleasure your article gave me.

HENRIETTA FORT HOLLAND
Brooklyn

Sirs:

Of all the articles ever written about my sister Marianne Moore I like your article the best.

I find it very hard to express my deep sense of happiness about it. Your grace in emphasizing her modesty—and the beautiful relations between the Indians and her you have brought out perfectly. Your final lines in recording Jim Thorpe's courtesy about her paraisol and "lived something like poetry on their campus," I would have her remembered by for all time—because that's the truth.

JOHN WARNER MOORE

Brooklyn

THE PORTER: NOT FORGOTTEN

Sirs:

In his eulogy of the Model A Ford (*The Forgotten Fan of Detroit*, SI, Feb. 1), I'm afraid that A. W. Miller has overlooked the wonderful little Mercer also designed by Finley Robertson Porter from 1911 through 1914. The cornering ability and gear box of this high-performance car have never been equalled, to my knowledge, in this or any other country.

If a Porter automobile or an F.R.P. is turned up as a result of Mr. Miller's question, "A Porter Alive?", I would love to have the opportunity of bidding on it. Redheaded hussy or scarlet woman she might be, but a wonderful companion for my lovely little blonde Mercer runabout.

FRANK H. MILLER

Glendale, Ohio

● Author Miller did considerable research on the Porter car. Here are some of his notes: "From what I can learn, the story of the Porter is that around 1914 Finley Robertson Porter, chief engineer of the old Mercer Motor Car Co., designed the F.R.P. (as he called it then) to be the apothecary of the four-cylinder car—the big boiler to end all big boilers. He built half a dozen experimental models, then dropped it to go into airplane-engine development work during the war. Afterward, in 1919, he made a deal with a Bridgeport, Conn. warbaby that was looking for something to do, to manufacture the Porter car under

continued



DO ELEPHANTS SUFFER FROM ATHLETE'S FOOT ITCH?

After years of research, leading elephantsophiles* have come to the conclusion they just don't know the answer.

They do know, beyond any doubt, that young bull elephants sometimes suffer from bugs under the eyes—but this could happen to anyone who stays out late.

But can you imagine the sound of an elephant's roar if athlete's foot *did* cause his toes to itch and burn?

Fortunately, you don't have to roar like an elephant if you have athlete's foot itch. We know a secret that lets you get rid of athlete's foot itch so fast you almost can't believe you had it.

The secret is a new kind of painless iodine**—world's greatest antiseptic. You see, everybody knows iodine is best for infections, even athlete's foot—except that it burns tissue.

But now scientists have made iodine completely safe for you to use on even the most tender skin. And you can get this new painless iodine in a special kit called Iodine Athlete's Foot Treatment... with the medical consultation that doctors recommend!

First, there's Iodine Liquid. This kills the infecting organism by contact.

Second, there are Q-Tips® Swabs to let you apply the liquid efficiently and hygienically.

Third, there's Medicated Powder to spray in socks and shoes and help prevent re-infection.

If you use our kit conscientiously and as we direct, we guarantee you'll never run like an elephant because you can't get rid of that terrible athlete's foot itch.

In fact, the Iodine Athlete's Foot Treatment Kit may get rid of your athlete's foot—never prevent its return—or your money back. Only \$1.39 for all three—liquid, powder and swabs—in one convenient kit.



*Elephant lover **Gibson polyvinylpyrrolidone iodine
Pat. No. 2,739,932 General Iodine & Form Corp.
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license. It was made only in 1920; the manufacturer went bankrupt in 1922 after a long shutdown." A thorough study of the Porter cars appears in a learned monograph by Keith Marvin, secretary of The Automobileists of the Upper Hudson Valley, Inc., and editor of *The Upper Hudson Valley Automobileist* (April, 1958).—ED.

Sirs:

The following additional points may be of interest.

Finley Robertson Porter never went to college and in fact told me that he "never went to school." His wife wrote later and told me this was not the fact, that he had "gone to school" in Portsmouth, Ohio and also in Southampton. I gathered from the way she wrote that this meant grammar school and that he never went to high school. I remember that when I was graduated from high school in 1909 I considered myself one of the educated elite; most boys got working papers at 14 when they got out of grammar school.

Porter pore was a product of that great social, economic and industrial force in the U.S. in those days, the International Correspondence Schools; all he ever learned about engineering he learned from them, except where engineering is really

learned—from other engineers on the job.

Porter's first design was a steam car for "a man who wanted one." They found out the hard way that the car was O.K. If it kept moving but would blow up if kept standing. They were to meet the man at the railroad station, drive him home, turn the car over to him and get their money. So they didn't start the fire until they saw the train coming. Unfortunately, they got into a traffic delay on the way home, and the boiler went pover.

These, of course, were flash-tube boilers, which are kept red-hot, and the water is "flashed" into steam as the injector forces it into the red-hot tubing. There never was enough steam in them to make a very dangerous explosion. But they would, and this one did, explode. No sale.

According to Porter Jr. his old pent made several of these steamers. I asked Porter what they did about boiler scale, which in a boiler of this type (particularly when the feed-water is drawn from horse troughs and ditches) is bound to be troublesome. Porter said thoughtfully that he doubted if any of the boilers had ever lasted long enough for this to become a problem.

Porter Sr. designed the Mercer race-about, and this picture shows him seated in the prototype in 1910.

I can't prove it, but I don't believe the Porters ever manufactured as much as one of the F.R.P.s or Porters. Remem-



F. R. PORTER IN 1910 MERCER

ber that in those days the "assembled" car was common and admired by some over the home-produced one.

What really killed the Porter was that it ran head-on into the massive shift in the entire industry from four cylinders to six in the postwar (World War I) years. With others advertising six cylinders, no one would be found dead with a four.

A. W. MILLER

New York City

FATHER WAS NOT TO BE DENIED

Sirs:

Alfred W. Miller's article started my memory cells into action. Perhaps a few recollections of a period long before that which Miller describes—in terms of auto-

FOR STIFF NECK!

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FOR CHARLEY HORSE!

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Relieves tired aching muscles twice as fast

Now available in
this new, easy-
to-use applicator
bottle

mobile development—might be amusing to your readers.

One fine day in 1899 my Uncle Ernest, with his brother Lyndon at the wheel, arrived in our home town of South Orange, N.J. in a bright red Packard, effectively causing numerous runaways among the horses pulling the local equipages. Lyndon was a "mechanician," one who loved to tinker with machinery, and it was due to him that the Packard was able to run for 15 or 20 miles at a time.

One of the main bearings kept melting, and Lyndon made a mold into which he could pour the molten babbit, which he caught in a large tin pan fastened under the main bearing, and thus produce a new bearing. Lying on his back he would somehow restore the bearing to its proper place, and the Packard would proceed on its travels.

My father's imagination was inflamed by the performances of the Red Devil, and in 1900 a salesman pulled up in front of our house with an Orient buckboard. This consisted of a pair of flexible boards upon which two small seats were mounted, with an air-cooled motor back of them, the whole being carried by four wheels, without springs. Mother took one look at the thing and vowed she would never have anything to do with it. But Father was not to be denied.

In the spring of 1901 he cautiously charged up to our home in a "plane box" Olds, with a steering tiller and a curved dashboard. It had a one-cylinder motor under the seat. Not content with a seat facing forward, it had a dea-dee seat facing backward. Very swank. We drove this great car to Spring Lake where we were spending the summer, and when Father was in New York at work I would drive this car very carefully around the block. So my career as a motorist actually began in 1901.

Father got wind of the fact that a Colonel Phelps had made a three-cylinder car which won the Mount Washington Hill Climb. So in 1902 he bought one. It really did go! Toward the end of the summer, in Spring Lake, a series of automobile races were held on the drive along the shore. We stripped everything off the Phelps, including the hood, and with Pa at the wheel and me leaning over the motor so that I could hold the throttle wide open, we entered the race. Our chief competitor was E. R. Thomas, who had a real racer, and we got second.

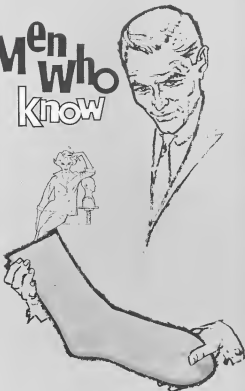
Toward the end of the summer a Mr. DuBois, who also lived in South Orange, invited me to accompany him on a long trip from Spring Lake to our home town. He had a Crestmobile. It had a body made out of wicker, like a baby carriage, with a single-cylinder air-cooled motor mounted aft of the seat on a little platform. From the flywheel a leather belt went down to the rear axle, and if everything worked the car moved. It also had bicycle tires which picked up a horseshoe nail about every five miles. The roads in that part of New Jersey were sand, which was very good for horses, but lousy for Crestmobiles.

One thing I recall very clearly: the

continued

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15TH HOLE routefund

road signs just didn't make any sense. First we would see one that announced that some place was three miles ahead. The next one would say that the same place was only 11 miles further. That country was a real wilderness 50 years ago.

The Vanderbilt Cup Race was a great event by 1906 and, as Joe Tracy was setting records in it in a Locomobile, nothing would do but that Father must get one of those fine cars. And they were fine cars. Four great big cylinders with make-and-break spurs, chain drive and just about the best-looking thing on the road. Why, you could go over Schooley's Mountain in second! There was a winner at the top who had a good well, and he only charged a dollar for enough water to refill the radiator.

Probably fearing that I would run the loco when he was not around, Father bought a second car, a two-cylinder Buick, which I was allowed to run. The motor was under the front seat. We were nuts about cars; they were for fun, not transportation. I once took a girl out for a ride in this Buick and she kissed me! First time I ever enjoyed that experience, either about or on tires. So the Buick served a good purpose.

In 1907 someone sold Father a Palmer and Singer, and I will think it was the best-looking car I have ever seen. It was gunmetal gray, with bucket seats, and was made of lead. Every time you hit a bad bump, the springs would flatten and stay that way, or the strut rod would bend and the car wouldn't steer. I was coming down the Pompton Turnpike hill at 43 mph one afternoon when the left steering knuckle broke. We sailed off through a field, hit a small tree on the edge of a ravine and survived. Sixty-three miles an hour wasn't peanuts in 1907. Next day we borrowed the front end of another Palmer and Singer, put it on our car and drove home in style. But my real adventure with this beautiful thing took place right in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue. With two school friends I was giving the populace a chance to admire us when, right in the middle of the block, a hansom cab turned in front of me. I bumped one of the wheels and the cab tottered slowly to the pavement. The cabby's silk hat got dented, and one of the rattle carriage lights was broken. A ten-dollar bill took care of those details to everyone's satisfaction.

I was so imbued with the idea that I could be a great road racer that I talked a girl friend who had a "Jimmieola" Olds runabout, with very large wheels, and which would really move, into entering the Riverhead Road Race, with me as driver. We practiced quite a bit, and things were going fine until I threw a tire one day. It rolled down the road ahead of us, but we came through safely—until her family got wind of our plans. That about ended my career as a road racer.

The only other really important thing that happened to me in a car was a few years later. In a small white Buick ran about my wife finally agreed to marry me.

EGGUNE V. CONNETT

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Pat on the Back



PHYLLIS KIEHN

'With my toes pointed!'

THANKS to Phyllis Kiehn, bouncing on the trampoline has become part of the way of life for teen-age girls in Bellingham, Wash. An instructor in physical education at Bellingham's Shuksan Junior High School, the energetic Mrs. Kiehn (shown in mid-jump with one of her pupils) decided that the trampoline was just the thing to help coitish schoolgirls achieve rhythm and coordination. Her classes have grown so popular that she has been forced to hold extra ones before and after school and on weekends as well. In no time at all, the bouncing and jouncing has spread to

all of Bellingham's secondary schools.

"Girls in their early teens are often at the ugly-duckling stage of development," says Phyllis Kiehn. "The trampoline makes physical fitness fun. Within the space of a single week, you can actually see the girls grow more graceful."

Mrs. Kiehn's pupils express their enthusiasm somewhat differently. "The trampoline is better than anything else in physical education," says a Bellingham 14-year-old. "Better than anything else in school. Better than school. Imagine me—up there in the air with my toes pointed!"



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